

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXV.—No. 633.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1909.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6d.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



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H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustration: H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden</i>	253, 254
<i>An Experiment in Intensive Cultivation</i>	254
<i>Country Notes</i>	255
<i>The Dormouse. (Illustrated)</i>	257
<i>Wild Country Life</i>	258
<i>The Passing of the Marsh Hawk</i>	259
<i>Some Notable Stage Heads (Illustrated)</i>	261
<i>Tales of Country Life: What Ailed Them</i>	263
<i>A Trek Through the Gramplands. (Illustrated)</i>	265
<i>The Life of a Bat</i>	266
<i>Queen Anne. (Illustrated)</i>	267
<i>Grise</i>	269
<i>Country Home: Nevill Holt. (Illustrated)</i>	270
<i>In the Garden</i>	279
<i>Literature</i>	281
<i>On the Green</i>	283
<i>From the Muniment-room</i>	285
<i>Correspondence</i>	286

### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## AN EXPERIMENT IN INTENSIVE CULTIVATION.

**O**FTEEN the complaint is made about the farms run by agricultural colleges that they are not practical. It is not unusual for them to show an unfavourable balance-sheet at the end of the year, and when that is so, the agriculturist whose main object it is to earn his livelihood is accustomed to eye them askance. It is not fair in every case to do this. Men of Science need not be immediately intent on turning a penny. Much of their work is done for the purpose of trial or demonstration, and they have to take risks a private individual cannot very well afford. However, none of the usual complaints can be urged against the Report issued by the Principal of the South Eastern College at Wye on the results of an experiment on intensive cultivation last year. It is of a kind to benefit in the most direct manner all that considerable number of men who have entered, or are about to enter, into the tenancy of small holdings. There is no need at this time of day to extol the virtues of intensive cultivation. Without it the small holding would be impossible. The profit per acre derived from ordinary farms is extremely moderate, and many tenants are satisfied if they can make, over portions, as much in income as they have to pay in rent. But when a man rents only a very small number of acres it is clear that he must make more per acre. His advantage lies in the fact that he can concentrate far more labour and attention upon a small plot of ground than the large farmer can over a very much wider area. The experiment conducted by the Principal, Mr. M. J. R. Dunstan, and Mr. James Morison, the Superintendent of the College Farm, comes well within the scope of a small holder's activities, as it consisted in raising two heavy crops in one year from the same ground. There was nothing out of the way in the character of the crop, as the first was potatoes and the second cauliflowers, both of which are grown frequently enough by those who have to make the most they can of their ground. In 1908 six acres were devoted to the purpose. The land is good, but not exceptionally so. It is rented at 30s. per acre, and lies at an altitude of 160ft. above the sea-level. The soil is described as fairly deep, useful loam with the chalk some distance below. The previous crop was oats, and the land was in good heart and clean. The early potatoes used on about seven-eighths of an acre were Epicures and May Queens. They were sprouted in boxes and planted out on April 7th. Of course, the important

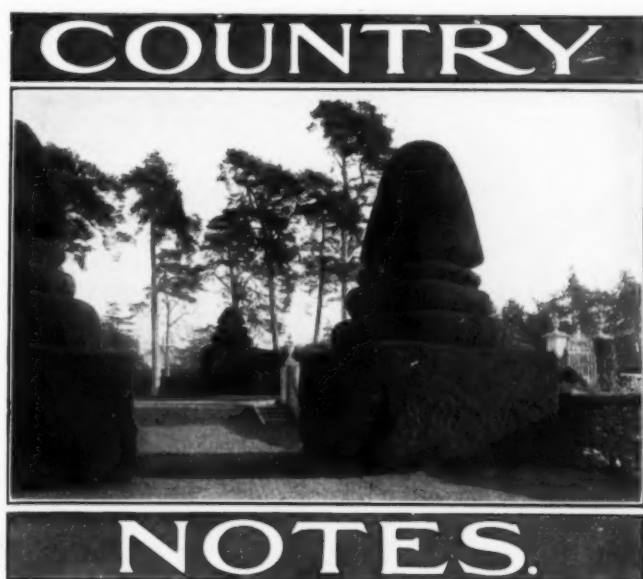
point was the preparatory cultivation and manuring of the soil. This began in the previous November, when twenty-five loads of farmyard manure per acre were laid on the soil and lightly ploughed in in that month. Two months later the land received a deep ploughing. When the ridges were drawn artificial manure was used consisting of 3cwt. of superphosphate of lime, 1½cwt. of sulphate of potash and 1½cwt. of sulphate of ammonia. The subsequent ploughing and hoeing appear to have been very similar to those of the ordinary careful husbandman, but of course some capital was required to manure and till the ground so thoroughly. The cost is given as £16 5s. per acre, but it would have been more satisfactory if Mr. Dunstan had given us exact figures for the rent, manure, seed, digging and cartage to and from the station. Considering what was done the amount is very far from being excessive. The crop averaged nine to eleven tons per acre, and was sold free on rail at prices ranging from 70s. to 90s. per ton, the sale commencing on July 7th. Mr. Dunstan says the gross return per acre was £37 1s. 4d., and as part of the crop was charged with some railway expenses, the net return was £35 11s. per acre. This must have left a very good margin of profit indeed after the £16 5s. was deducted for labour and manure; but the advantage of dealing with early potatoes lay in the availability of the land for a second crop. As soon as the potatoes had been dug the land was ploughed once more—and the frequency of the ploughing, he it noted in passing, must have added greatly to the fertility of the soil—and then cauliflower plants were put in. The season was very dry, and they were started by being hand-watered, with the result that there was no flagging, and the plants got a good start. The cost of the plants was trifling, namely, 4s. a thousand, and about ten thousand were planted to the acre. One hundredweight of nitrate of soda was given them, and they were hand-hoed once and horse-hoed twice. The first were ready for market on October 28th, the bulk of the crop being sent to the Borough Market, Bexhill, and a comparatively small quantity sold locally at Wye and Ashford. In all 7,770 heads were marketed at an average price of a little over 1d. per head, realising per acre £40 11s. 4d. The cost of plants, labour, manure, cutting, packing, delivery, rail charges, commission and returns of empties (they were all packed in nets and potato "pads") amounted to £10 per acre, which, with the net return of the early potatoes, make a total return of £49 per acre for the two crops. Of course, in addition, there is the value of the unexhausted manure. Oats are to be sown on the ground this year, and if the weather is good a first-rate crop should be obtained from ground that has been thus carefully tiled.

The figures look so very rosy that they might tempt any of us to become small holders, and they are very encouraging indeed, even when every possible discount is made from them. The first point for consideration is that last year was an extremely good potato year. Quantity and quality alike were generally above the average, but the average return would not be so great if the bad years had to be counted with the good years. In 1907, for example, there was a great deal of rain, and an outbreak of disease which would have impaired if it had not actually destroyed the value of the experiment. The influence of the fine weather is difficult to gauge, but in a well-known experiment by Sir John Bennet Lawes at Rothamsted a similar combination of manure gave only a return of 7 tons 2cwt. to the acre. This crop was very much exceeded at Wye, for which the average is returned at from 9 tons to 11 tons per acre, and it would probably be difficult for any private individual to equal it. At the same time, if Mr. Dunstan had been a little more exact and definite it would have been easier to make a comparison between the results he and Mr. Morison have achieved and those of others.

The price obtained for the cauliflowers must be reckoned exceptionally good, since a contract for 1d. per head is generally reckoned by the grower to be a very satisfactory one, and if the cauliflowers had not headed very well it is doubtful if much more than a ½d. could be obtained for them. Still it must be borne in mind that the potatoes themselves cleared the expense and that the cauliflowers, even when a failure, could have been utilised for cattle-feeding purposes. The experiment ought to be of the utmost value to those who are now beginning the cultivation of their small holdings. They need not slavishly follow the example set them; but by adapting the idea to the local circumstances and the character of their soil, it may be possible for the more intelligent of them to make a good livelihood out of a comparatively small piece of ground.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

**O**UR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden. Her Royal Highness is the eldest daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and her marriage to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden was celebrated in 1905.



It gave great satisfaction to the people of this country to find that the King and Queen—after a journey to Berlin which, in spite of the cordiality and enthusiasm which it aroused, must have been tiring and troublesome owing to the inclemency of the weather—were able to open the new session of Parliament in person. That was perhaps the one redeeming feature in the situation. Very seldom has Parliament reassembled amid such apprehension on the part of the taxpayers of the country. At a time of commercial slackness, when incomes of every sort are reduced below the normal, it is not pleasant to realise that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be under the necessity of imposing new burdens; but the facts are stern and unalterable: a deficit has to be met, Old Age Pensions have to be paid for, and a considerable outlay upon the Navy is a necessity of the time. The occasion is one on which a considerable amount of self-sacrifice must be demanded from the citizens of the Empire. What form it will take arouses a not unnatural curiosity, which is sharpened by the economic situation. According to the Board of Trade Returns there were more unemployed in January than in the corresponding month of last year, and the body of trade done by the country has suffered a severe diminution. Corresponding with this is a very decided shrinkage of the Revenue Returns.

Very great sympathy will be felt with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. Indeed, it is impossible to estimate the full extent of their loss. The little boy who has passed away was the hope of a great House. At his christening a few years ago the Royal and noblest families in Great Britain were represented, and in the ordinary course of things it might have been expected that the baby whom they assembled to honour would have come to take a place among the highest of the English aristocracy. But death is no respecter of degree or promise, and the utmost care and solicitude are unable to ward off his shafts. Within the last two or three years several pathetic instances have occurred of the hope of a family being taken away. There is little to be done under such circumstances beyond accepting the inevitable and offering such comfort as the most grief-stricken obtain from the knowledge that their contemporaries feel and sympathise with them.

Lord Wenlock made an exceptionally interesting speech on agriculture to the members of the Escrick Agricultural Club a few days ago. That this association is making progress is proved by the fact that its combined purchase of cake and other necessities amounted last year to £5,619, and Lord Wenlock was perfectly justified in advising the members to combine not only for purchase, but for sale. He gave one or two eloquent facts about the management of his own estate during the last twenty-eight years. For building, draining, fencing and other works he had paid out 32 per cent. of his gross income from the land, and his average outgoings for repairs had amounted to something between 50 per cent. and 60 per cent. These figures did not leave much margin for profit on his part, or for the payment which would be made to men for managing the estates. In regard to the tenants, he pointed out a change that he has noticed recently. A few years ago nearly all the work was done by single men in that part of the neighbourhood, but now married men are most in request. One consequence of this change, which is in itself most desirable, is that the demand for cottages has been greatly intensified. Lord Wenlock said that he believed the housing problem was going to be one of the gravest questions which the extension of small holdings would

create. If the occupiers are to follow intensive methods of cultivation, which alone can bring them a living on a small holding, it is clear that many hands will be necessary. As a rule, the successful small holder is the man who is helped by a large family, and that family must have housing accommodation. The question is how to provide that without increasing rent to such a degree that profit-making would become practically impossible.

There was a fine academical air of theory about the lecture which Mr. Lanchester read to the British architects the other night on the planning of towns. The average town was not planned, but might say, like Topsy, "specs I grewed." Planning for the future has never been a very marked characteristic of the British people; it is rather their practical way to make what they want as it is needed, and so house is added to house and street to street to meet the requirements of the moment. Were the case otherwise, the chances are very much in favour of the carefully-laid-out towns not being found to meet the wants of the inhabitants. The latter are constantly changing. New ideas and inventions produce extraordinary effects on the habits of the people, and what is convenient at one time is regarded as most inconvenient at another. The tradesman of old times who lived happily in a house above his shop would never have thought that it would conduce to his comfort to have a villa some miles away in Surrey or Middlesex, and though his successor at the moment has a different idea, fashion may change again before the end of the present century. We cannot profess to be particularly charmed with Mr. Lanchester's fancy picture of an England with its antiquities and traditions carefully preserved, its cities clean, convenient and filled with noble and interesting works of art, with all the beauties of the country-side linked up with those of the town. It seems to be too precise and mathematical for the workaday world in which we live.

#### SONG OF THE RIVER HOUSE.

Windy clouds and shadows pass;  
Lights are trembling on the grass,  
On willows and fen and shining pool,  
Brown-tiled roofs and garden cool—  
Clouds are flying: a child is crying;  
Folk in the town are selling and buying—  
Filtered light through beech trees fairs  
Dimly on the white-washed walls—  
Morning hours pass leisurely  
With leisure begotten of industry;  
Pass with books in a chintz arm-chair,  
Pass before you are aware—  
Long summer evenings slowly die,  
And stars shine out in pool and sky.

R. F. DARWIN.

Dust, whether it be town dust or country dust, is one of those di-agreeable objects to which the wayfaring man, both physically and metaphorically, would prefer to shut his eyes. He knows that it is extremely disagreeable, but also that, like the weather, it exists and is independent of the will of man. The use of the motor-car, however, by intensifying what has always been a nuisance, has caused a curiosity not altogether morbid to be directed towards finding out what are the components of ordinary dust. The lady with a long skirt which she cannot keep entirely from the ground will probably be shocked to know that the particles of dust which she collects and carries into the rooms of her house are simply crawling with bacilli. One moral we can draw from that circumstance at any rate is that she would run less risk by wearing a shorter gown. In the country wholesome earth enters more into the composition of dust, but even country dust is not altogether free from the germs of disease. In London serious attempts have been made to deal with the evil, and watering and cleaning the streets costs over £1,000 per day. The question is how far the evil can be dealt with. It is suggested that horses are the chief offenders, and certainly it would be a great advantage if we could get rid of the objectionable matter due to their use; but in spite of the improvements constantly being made in mechanical power, there does not at present seem to be any prospect of getting rid of our old friend and ally the horse.

There is good news for poultry-keepers in a paragraph which appears in the new number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture. It is stated that the Board has been requested by a firm of wholesale provision merchants to supply particulars of the best centres for buying large quantities of English and Welsh eggs. The reason for this request is that a new demand has sprung up for English and new-laid eggs, and though the firm in question imports large quantities of the best Irish and Continental eggs, these do not meet the demand. Considering what a very great advance has been made



in egg-producing during the last few years, this seems to be a matter that the Poultry Organisation Society ought to be able to take up with advantage. English eggs, guaranteed to be new laid, would undoubtedly meet with a free and ready sale if they could be produced in sufficient quantities to merit the attention of merchants in a large way of business; but to do so greater attention would have to be paid to packing and cleanliness than these homely matters receive at present. The new-laid egg as it comes from the farm too often is disgusting in appearance, and it is only here and there that the producer has adopted the Continental method of packing and sending to market.

We have received a letter from a correspondent who lives in the neighbourhood of Hobart, Tasmania, enquiring what prospects of fruit-growing there are in England. He says: "I am not dissatisfied with Tasmania, but I have read and heard of great strides being made in England with regard to growing apples and pears in a large way, and I am wondering whether it would not be a better plan to return to England and start fruit-growing with the experience I have gained in scientific orcharding out here." He goes on to enquire what prospects there would be for a man to start with a capital of £2,000 or £3,000, and to explain that his idea would be to have a place of fifty acres or more, to plant out twenty acres the first year, and to go on extending the acreage year by year. It seems to us that the only good advice is that of *Punch*, "Don't." Fruit-growing in England is a very precarious industry, and, in spite of the improvements that have been made, must always remain so on account of our capricious climate. If our correspondent wished to buy the land he would either have to pay highly for it, or wait a long time before his trees came into bearing. Without knowing the full details of his situation, it may certainly be said that on general principles it would be far better policy for him to grow fruit in Tasmania and send it to our markets than to tie up his capital in English land and wait for a precarious return that might not come in his lifetime.

The difficulties as well as the advantages of profit-sharing among workmen were thoroughly explained by Mr. T. C. Taylor at the annual meeting of the employés of the company last week. Mr. Taylor since 1892 has been steadily working out his profit-sharing scheme. He began by including the managers and foremen, but in the year 1896 he brought in the men also. The rule is that any percentage of profit received by capital beyond 4½ per cent. is also declared on the year's wages, and every worker who has been in the service of the firm for a complete year is entitled to a bonus, which he receives in the shape of fully-paid-up ½ shares. He is not allowed to sell these shares, except upon leaving the service, and even then a transfer is not made till the lapse of three months. Mr. Taylor's object—and a very good object, too—has been to encourage the men to hold on to their shares, so that they may be at once accumulating a capital of their own and at the same time receiving interest upon it. The final goal at which he aims is that the entire shares of the company should be owned by the men. It is a fine and stimulating object to set before them, and this system of profit-sharing cannot fail to exercise a very great influence in the way of binding the interests of master and servants together. It creates something additional to that cash union which too often is the only link between the employer and the employed.

The falling off in the consumption of beer in the United Kingdom, which has been noticeable within recent years, still goes on unchecked. According to the Excise Returns recently published, there were 32,939,472 barrels retained for home consumption in 1908, as compared with 33,786,474 barrels in 1907 and 33,918,101 barrels in 1906. This diminution in the consumption of beer in this country has been going on for some years past, and marks a steady and growing change in the habits of the population at large. Apart from the severe depression of trade and industry which has been so widespread within recent years, and must have materially reduced the spending powers of the masses, there can be little doubt that greater sobriety is found in the habits of vast numbers of the people than was formerly in vogue. The spread of education has done much to check excessive drinking, and the increased attention which is now given to outdoor amusements and recreation has helped to turn public thought into healthier channels. The progress towards an ideal state of affairs may be slow, but it is certainly steady, and, perhaps, therefore the more lasting.

It has been rather the fashion of late to taunt the Briton, not altogether with justice, with an inability to excel in some of the forms of sport and pastime which we are disposed to consider as peculiarly British. It is, therefore, the more agreeable to be

able to point to one or two cases in which a Briton, or a British lady, has shown superiority in pastimes which certainly are not typically British. The ski races at Grindelwald had to be postponed from their original date owing to lack of snow, and when the snow permitted them to be held so many of the masculine ski-runners had left that the race for them was not held. The ladies, however, competed, with the result that the winner was Miss Jean Rennie, with Miss D. Hill a very close second. In the Northern Games at Stockholm the winners of the International skating competition for pairs were Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. Ski-running and skating are pastimes for which the conditions of our climate do not give great opportunities for practice, and the British successes are all the more remarkable.

Much discussion has been aroused by the proposal made by Mr. John Burns that the enormous number of people who have no children of their own might adopt those of the poor. It sounds very plausible at first hearing, because there are many childless couples who long to have children and many poor people to whom children are a burden. But the plan has been tried before and did not work well in practice. There is no law in England by which parents can be tied down to resign completely and for ever the guardianship of their children. Though they may agree to adoption during babyhood, it is open to them to claim the custody of their offspring when the boy or girl is able to contribute towards housekeeping. Thus adoption, though it succeeds admirably in selected cases, must always be attended with a considerable amount of risk. The adopted father and mother of the child have not, as the law stands, the legal status of parents, and the children themselves do not owe them any legal obedience, so that in a case of perversity or lawlessness, the adopted parents have not the power of discipline which it is necessary for an adequate guardian to have in reserve, even if he is not called upon to use it.

#### SONG.

If I had all my vanished years  
To be mine own a second time,  
I would not better past arrears  
Or wish one hour change her rhyme;  
For in my heart my many days,—  
Though some rang true, though some fell wrong—  
Have set themselves to one sweet phrase  
And broken into perfect song.  
So do I love to dwell thereon  
With happy heart, and sing them through,  
And care not how they might have gone  
Apart from you, apart from you.

E. C. T.

It would appear from facts that have been brought under the attention of the Government that the old Irishman is something of an old soldier; at any rate, the number of Old Age Pensions granted in Erin shows that something like a gigantic "bull" has been perpetrated. According to the census there are in Ireland 184,000 persons who are seventy years of age and over, and of these there are in receipt of Poor Law Relief 32,000, so that the highest possible number of pensionable persons is 152,000. Yet the number of claimants for pensions was 209,000, and the number actually granted up to January 1st was 170,000. These are facts that need little comment, as they show without the shadow of a doubt that a large number of persons in Ireland have been successful in fraudulently obtaining pensions. We understand that special officials have been sent to Ireland for the purpose of making enquiry into the granting of these pensions; but, of course, that is only another addition to the £9,000,000 a year which this Old Age Pension scheme is already costing the country.

By the death, at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven, of Mr. Henry Ffennell we lose one who probably had more statistical knowledge of salmon than any man now living. His father was a fishery inspector and the collector of that curious array of fish-poaching engines which the son exhibited at South Kensington. The late Mr. Ffennell was one of the promoters of the Fly-Fishers' Club, and was associated in the starting of *Land and Water* with the late Frank Buckland and others. It is only last week that we were noticing the death of Major Turle, and the last year has been very fatal among the ranks of well-known fishermen. Mr. Ffennell's statistical line was rather a special one, and there is no one who can quite take his place.

Obviously we have to abandon the theory firmly held by some of us that the trout of the Scottish lochs prefer those of the deepest water and flourish best in them. A measuring of the depths of the lochs in different places and in different parts of the same lochs has been in process for some time under the direction of Sir John Murray and others. The results are now published in book form, including, as it appears, the observations



taken on 562 lochs, but exclusive of results which have been shown already in the charts published in the *Geographical Journal*. There is a curious uniformity about the maximum depths, for eighty-five of the lochs are found to have a depth of more than 600ft., while the greatest depth reached by any is 623ft. The interesting point, touching the present question, is that some of the best fishing lochs, both for trout and salmon, are quite shallow. There is Loch Brora, for instance, only 66ft. at its greatest depth. The fearful tales of the *ferox*, dark with deep lying in the fathomless profundities, must, we fear, be abandoned. His complexion is probably peat-stain.

It is very singular how greatly the opinions of different people vary as to the correctness of the weather forecasts appearing in the daily papers. You will find one man, of fair and moderate judgment, declaring that there is no truth or justness in them

whatever. Another is so satisfied of their general correctness that he will regulate his clothing by them and take with him stick or umbrella, for his walks abroad, according to their prediction. The explanation is (apart from the idiosyncrasies of men and their greater or less aptitude for faith) that whereas many people live just about the median, or dividing line between the Atlantic and the Continental weather systems, others, living more to the West or to the East, as the case may be, fall fully under the influence of the one or the other. Very frequently, throughout the year, our island is thus divided between a cyclonic influence (that is the general rule) from the Atlantic and a Continental anti-cyclonic system. London itself is peculiarly interested. Accordingly, as the one or the other system prevails a few miles further or less far than was expected by the prophets, so will their predictions be very right or very wrong for the country along this boundary line.

## THE DORMOUSE.

THIS lovely little thing, an inhabitant of most woods in the Midlands in which there are nut bushes, is more nearly related to the squirrels than to the mice. All the same, its name is a very good indication of the sort of

creature it is—"the mouse that sleeps." Anyone who has had the good fortune to find a nest on a winter day with the owner unconscious inside will at once recognise this cold, inanimate piece of yellow-brown fur, with a bushy tail curled tightly over its head, as a dormouse. A very different animal is this same mouse on a warm day; if you merely peep through the bushes it is gone, like a yellow leaf blown along the branches. In the summer-time the thick foliage protects it from enemies above, such as the hawks and owls, but when the autumn comes the true meaning of its colour is seen, for it matches with wonderful exactness the brown leaves and yellow bracken, and, as I said before, has all the appearance, as it hurries along the boughs, of a leaf blown by the wind. Its little paws are very different from those of the mice; they are like pink hands, and enable the dormouse to grasp branches with great power, so that it is almost impossible for it to be shaken off. Considering its size, it can take most wonderful leaps, in the same manner as the squirrel.

The dormouse builds a beautiful nest of grass, fern, leaves and sometimes moss, which it places in a briar bush generally about 3ft. or 4ft. off the ground. There are two varieties of the home, the breeding nest and the winter or sleeping quarters. The former is much bigger and more strongly built, more leaves and moss being used; the latter is a fragile thing and usually built with grass only. It will also take possession of deserted birds' nests and re-line them to suit its own tastes. I have found these mice in possession of the common wrens', chiff-chaffs' and long-tailed tits' nests; in another case one had covered in an empty blackbird's nest, converting it to its own uses. During the winter months the long-tailed field-vole goes "aloft" as well and takes up its quarters in old nests; but its work can easily be recognised, as it adds nothing to them, only using them as dining-places where it can eat the hips and haws. On one occasion, when out



BRIGHT EYES AND BUSHY TAILS.

ferreting, a dormouse was dug up; it had apparently made its nest under the ground, for with a spadeful of earth a neat round ball of grass was thrown out. I picked it up and opened it; enclosed was a mouse quite dormant, but a particularly fine specimen. Since then I have not been able to satisfy myself whether these mice do occasionally make an underground nest, or whether this was an eccentric individual. I should add it was buried at least 2ft., if not 3ft., deep. There was no question as to it being merely beneath leaves, or anything of that sort, for it was dug up several yards from the covert fence.

The dormice prefer hazel nuts to any other food; they also eat berries of all kinds and descriptions, including in their list of fare chestnuts, acorns, hips and haws, etc., varied with insects, such as caterpillars, beetles, or anything of the sort they can catch. Sometimes they eat a little grain, if they can get it without any trouble, for instance, from a pheasant-feed; but they are neither plentiful enough nor keen enough after the corn to do a scrap of harm.

To go back to the question of birds' nests; at one time I was much puzzled to account for the numbers of nests and eggs of the smaller birds that were spoilt by some enemy. In several cases, nests in which I took a great interest were robbed, and, obviously, not by human beings, or by any big animal. Two hedge-sparrows' nests in which a cuckoo had laid eggs were among the number; so was a tree-creeper's. One day came the discovery; the last photograph tells the tale better than any words of mine. The poor little titmice were terribly distressed, but could make no impression on the intruders. After this I found a mouse in possession of another long-tailed tit's nest, but in this case I had no means of proving that it had not taken up its residence there after the rightful owners had done with it.

I find I have made no mention of its habit of storing food for winter use, but I do not think it does this to the



NEST OF DORMOUSE IN TANGLED FOLIAGE.

extent it is popularly supposed to. It should be remembered, when nuts or acorns are found heaped up, especially if beneath the surface of the ground, or just buried in moss or leaves, that the squirrel is dependent on his storehouse. Of course, I am not disputing the well-known fact that the dormouse does lay by



PLAYING AMONG THE FERN.

some winter provision. I only wish to point out that others do the same, and it does not do it in the quantities some people imagine.

FRANCES PITT.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### EARLY SIGNS OF SPRING.

ALTHOUGH signs of the recent severe snowstorm are still evident in the shape of wreaths lingering behind the dykes and in sheltered places, the weather has recently been quite suggestive of spring in many ways, notwithstanding severe frosts over-night. The curlew are, of course, still haunting the fields near the seashore, but are undoubtedly beginning to feel the impulse of spring, and on January 23rd I heard one uttering the wild vibrating whistle which one hears with such pleasure during the spring and early summer on the lonely moorlands. This whistle—which commences in a low key, rises and then falls again, ending, usually, in a wailing cry—is equivalent to the spring call of the lapwing or green plover, and is the song of the male bird. Many naturalists are of opinion that the curlew never calls when on the ground; but only a few days ago I had a flock under observation, and all the birds were calling loudly while running or walking about in a turnip-field. Another sign of spring is to be found among the black-headed gulls. During the autumn and winter months these birds belie their name "black-headed," as the feathers on their heads are as white as the rest of their plumage; but now many of their heads are becoming speckled, and soon will have assumed the dark brown colour of the nesting season. The carrion crow, too, is now to be heard uttering his love song—a harsh "caw," uttered repeatedly from the summit of some lofty tree—and on February 3rd I noticed a pair of sparrow-hawks hunting together, probably newly-mated birds, for the sparrow-hawk does not, as far as my experience goes, mate for life, as is the case with the golden eagle. This morning (February 4th) I heard for the first time this year the song of the mistle-thrush, and the bird was singing very loudly and clearly, as if in good practice.

### WILD CATS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Recently, within the space of one week, four splendid specimens of the real wild cat were trapped in a certain district of the Northern Highlands. The lengths of the animals were 3ft. 4in., 3ft. 2in., 2ft. 7in. and 2ft. 6in., while the heaviest scaled 16lb. In each case the fur was in perfect order and resembled the coat of a Persian cat. A fine female wild cat was a short time ago trapped at Lochailort under rather curious circumstances. During several weeks, poultry were from time to time missed, and traps were set with a view of capturing the marauders. One morning one of the traps was found to be missing, and a wild cat 3ft. 4in. in length was found hanging from the railway fence near Lochailort railway station. It had evidently carried away the trap, and had become entangled in the fence in its efforts to leap across it. One cannot help feeling sorry that the wild cat should be so ruthlessly



hunted down wherever it lingers in the Highlands, as it is by now well-nigh extinct even in the most remote and inaccessible districts. Not so very long ago the wild cat and the martin flourished on Upper Deeside, but now they are both quite extinct in this district, and this will soon, I fear, be their fate in their last wild strongholds.

#### BIRDS' PREMONITION OF WEATHER CHANGES.

A great deal has lately been written on the ability of birds to foretell a change in the weather, but a couple of instances that I noticed lately seem to show that birds have but little proficiency in forecasting a change from frost to thaw. On December 30th—a dull day following on a blizzard of extraordinary severity—I noted great numbers of bramblings, snow-buntings and fieldfares making their way south-west, in the teeth of a very strong wind, so strong that in their weak condition they had difficulty in making progress against it. Evidently they hoped to find the storm less severe further south—as a matter of fact, a score of miles to the southward it was even more severe—but only a few hours after they had passed, the wind, without shifting, became warmer, and bare patches rapidly appeared on the fields, so that, had the birds only remained, they would probably have found food before evening. The second instance occurred on January 15th. There had been a heavy fall of snow over-night, but the day was fine and frosty with a slight north wind. Towards afternoon I saw many snow-buntings moving south over the City of Aberdeen, which fact seemed to indicate a continuance of the storm. Before next daybreak, however, the wind had backed to the south, and the snow quite disappeared during the course of the day. These two instances seem to show that birds have comparatively little knowledge of coming changes in the weather, and it would be most interesting to hear if any readers of these pages have corroborative evidence.

#### THE MERGANSER ON THE COAST.

At this season of the year the red-breasted merganser is but rarely found at its nesting haunts on the Highland rivers, but resorts to the estuaries of rivers, where it can easily capture sufficient fish to satisfy its ravenous appetite. Those hardy individuals which do remain on the rivers must be hard put to it to find a livelihood, as just now the trout are mostly concealed under stones or banks and are rarely visible. The fish which are found in the salt water at the estuaries of the rivers—haddock, codling, etc.—do not seem to be affected by the cold, and are quite lively even during a severe frost. I was watching, a short while ago, a hen merganser diving for fish at the mouth of a river, and after several unsuccessful journeys beneath the water she at length appeared on the surface holding in her bill quite a respectable fish of about 2oz. in weight. She made desperate efforts to swallow it, but for a time was unsuccessful. Ultimately, however, with a strenuous gulp, she succeeded in despatching the unhappy fish to her interior. Goosanders seem to be uncommon at present, but they are readily mistaken for mergansers, as they are almost identical in colour and shape, but are rather larger in size than the merganser.

#### SPRING SALMON-FISHING IN SCOTLAND.

Not for many years has the rod-fishing opened so auspiciously on the Tay as was the case this season. The Tay is one of the earliest rivers to open, and on the first day—January 15th—anglers had very severe frost and heavy snow to contend with. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, they had exceptionally good sport, and in some instances five or six fish were grassed by a single rod. The Tay spring salmon are much larger than those of the Dee and average quite 15lb., while the Dee salmon are comparatively small—7lb. or so on an average. The one disadvantage of early spring fishing is the number of kelts which are landed, and which, of course, have to be returned to the water again. As it is not permissible to gaff a kelt, and as they are very often strong fighting fish, it is a matter of some difficulty to bring them to land, the usual method being for the gillie to catch hold of the fish's tail—a none too easy proceeding—and in this way to hoist it ashore. The Dee, Don and the majority of Scottish rivers are

opened on February 11th, and a good season is confidently expected, as the waters have been in excellent order for a heavy run of fish, while the great spate in mid-January must have washed a great many kelts down to the sea.

SKTON GORDON.

## THE PASSING OF . . . THE MARSH HAWK.

"HULLO, Hawk! Taking a day's holiday? That's right; a change won't do you any harm. Going down to have a look at th' marshes again, I reckon?"

The porter at Minsmere Workhouse was a cheerful man, notwithstanding that he had, as he sometimes said, "a good deal to put up with." From troublesome "casuals," who often attempted to play some unpleasant prank on him before they took their leave of him, he would stand "no nonsense," consequently he came in for some abuse; but he was popular with the regular inmates of the House, and especially with the old folk and the children, mainly because he generally had a joke for each, and was not given to enforcing rules and regulations too strictly. When he saw old John Hawk tottering towards him down the long paved passage leading to the gatehouse, he was somewhat surprised, for the old man, since he entered the House, had spent most of his time in the infirmary, and he had never before asked for a day's "leave."

"D' you think you can manage to get as far as Reedmere on a warm day like this?" he asked him. "If 'twas to-morrow, now, you might have got a lift in th' miller's cart."

"I've a mind to try, Master Robert," said old Hawk, raising himself as nearly upright as possible with the aid of his thick stick. "Like as not I shan't have another chance, if what th' doctor say be true."

"H'm," muttered the porter, "th' doctor said three years ago that old Tom Benstead was on his last legs, and to-day old Tom could walk me off mine. Well," he added, raising his voice, "take it easy-like and don't try to tramp about th' marshes as you used to years ago. And here! Just come into th' lodge and look into a glass I've got there. Maybe you'll see something that'll put some heart into you for th' journey."

Ten minutes later, when old Hawk had disappeared round a bend of the road, the porter, who had been watching the tottering figure as long as it remained in sight, turned to his wife and said:

"Old Jack Hawk is breaking up fast, there's no doubt about it. He oughtn't to be out on a day like this. I wonder what's unsettled him. But there! they're often took like that when th' end is coming."

"What was he before he came here?" asked the porter's wife.

"Oh, one of th' Reedmere marsh folk. They used to call him th' Marsh Hawk. He lived for years in a little houseboat on th' river and got a living by shooting, netting, reed-cutting and such-like, like th' rest of th' marshmen. Once they take to that kind of life they don't care for any other; but they can only make a bare living by it so long as they're hale and hearty. When they get old or th' rheumatics gets them they generally come here."

The long, dusty road seemed endless to the old man, who trudged wearily along, resting himself frequently in the shade of a pollard oak or where there was a high hedge by the roadside



AFTER EJECTING THE TITMOUSE.



sheltering some market garden. The banks and hedges were drab with dust; the road, after a long drought, was strewn with loosened flints, and the narrow strip of grass that had formerly bordered the road on one side, and which was so welcome to the feet of tired foot-farers, had been pared away by order of a careful road surveyor. To old John Hawk the road seemed unfamiliar, though he had often travelled it in the days when he had fish or wildfowl to carry to the nearest railway station. Here and there he glanced at a roadside cottage which had been the home of an old acquaintance; but most of the cottagers who stared curiously at him as he crept slowly by were strangers to him, and those he thought he knew failed to recognise the bent old man whose thick, dingy brown coat and quaint round cap—worn only by paupers—marked him out as an inmate of the House. He had no relations in his native village, and during the three years that had passed since he was taken from the county hospital to the workhouse infirmary his old-time friends had forgotten his very existence. For all they knew he might be dead. For this reason he avoided the main street of Reedmere, and on coming within sight of it he turned down a cool, green driftway leading to the marshes. It was a rough trackway, deeply rutted by the wheels of the heavy waggons in which the coarse crop of marsh litter was carried to the upland farms; but he felt at home between its high rose-garlanded hedges, for he had always made use of it when he went to and from his little houseboat moored in Big Sallow Creek. There was a pond beside it where larger rushes grew than were to be found by the river, and of those rushes he had always made the little buoys for his pike trimmers; while down at the marsh end of the driftway, where a lichen-covered gate opened on to the marsh wall, he had often hidden behind a screen of reeds, waiting for the duck that flighted at nightfall from the marshes to the pool. As he stumbled among the wheel-ruts of the shady lane he remembered how, when the marshes were white with snow, he had white-washed his oilskin coat so that he might not be seen by the flighting fowl. The driftway, like the road, seemed far longer to him than ever before, and by the time he reached the end of it his bent limbs had nearly failed him and he was glad to lean against the gate till he could breathe more freely; but the sight of the wide-spreading marsh level, with its black-towered windmills and sedge-fringed dykes, revived his waning strength, while the breeze, laden with the fragrance of almond-scented

meadow-sweet, seemed to cool his dazed and heated brain when he bared his head to it. After three years he heard again the chattering of a sedge-warbler, and the call of a redshank seemed to him like the voice of an old friend. The steely gleam of the dark green rushes, the islets of sweet gale amid a foam of meadow-rue, the snipe rising from the oozy dykesides and the meadow-pipits soaring above the marshes all helped to make the old Marsh Hawk forget the dreary days he had spent since he last set foot on the Reedmere level, and reminded him of the old free life he had led in that watery wilderness. The scenes amid which that life had been lived were quite unchanged, and he felt like a wanderer come home again. Instinctively he turned from the rough wall road into a footpath leading towards the river, where his old houseboat still lay moored in the creek, sheltered by salallows of his own planting, and when he reached the creekside he sank down on a wooden bench on which he had spent many hours during the autumn nights when he was keeping watch over his eel-net. There he sat, looking dreamily at the lapwings wheeling over the marshes and the coots stealing quietly out of the reed jungles. He was quite alone amid the marshes; but he had nearly always been alone there, and the lack of human companionship had never been a hardship to him while he could spread his net across the river or lie in his gun-punt under the shelter of a reed-bed. Now the hours of loneliness passed unheeded, for his heart beat feebly, his eyes slowly closed, and he was falling into his last long sleep. At times he muttered to himself, as had been his habit when he dwelt in the marshes, but he sat so still that a kingfisher came and perched beside him, unconscious of the presence of a human being. In his failing mind there was a vague idea that he was waiting for the night to come, when he would spread his net across the river. The sun went down behind the level line of the horizon, wisps and wreaths of mist arose from the dykes and, intermingling, spread a white pall over the marshes, while little moths, fluttering in and out among the salallows, darted against the motionless figure of the Marsh Hawk, whose head had sunk on his breast and whose white hair was beaded with mist-drops. He heard now neither the chattering of the sedge-warbler nor the weird churring of the nightjar that wheeled to and fro above him. He had passed beyond the sound of those wild-life voices he had loved.

W. A. DUTT.

## SOME NOTABLE STAGS' HEADS.

MR. ROWLAND WARD has had an unusually interesting lot of red deer heads in his Piccadilly "Jungle" this season. This is in a great measure because the season itself has been such an excellent one for the red deer. Some splendid stags, heavy of body as well as big of horn, have been killed this year in Scotland; and, as Mr. Frank Wallace showed, in a former interesting article on the subject, the general average was much above the normal standard. Mr. Ward's fine show, however, has not been taken from the Highlands only, though many good heads from the hills there have come to him for mounting. He has received heads and horns from other parts also, notably some very good ones from Captain Amory of Exmoor stags, and among these rather a remarkable head, because it keeps an unusual quality of the wild stag in the character of the horn; from the park of the Duc d'Orleans a Spanish head; and last, but certainly not least, either in point of size or of interest, there is a fossil head of an ancient British red deer, recently disinterred.



ANCIENT BRITISH RED DEER: FROM SIR W. BULKELEY.

There were giants in the earth in those days. We might wish they had left us a progeny more worthy of them. However, on the whole this show, having for its principal features the heads mentioned, is a fine one, not often matched. The actual dimensions of the head of the ancient stag, as well as respect for the chronologically right order, require that we should notice its details first. Its measurements are as follows: Length,

38½ in.; girth, 6½ in.; tip to tip, 30 in.; widest inside, 36½ in.; widest outside, 45½ in.; points, 7 by 5. It was dug up quite lately on the property of Sir William Bulkeley at Beaumaris in North Wales. In relation to the head, Sir William Bulkeley has written as follows: "A very large stag's head has lately been unearthed here. A pool which supplies the water to the town of Beaumaris was in need of cleaning out, and during the process my men came upon the head. It is said that hundreds of years ago the pool in question was contained in a Deer Park, but now nearly all trace of the old park has disappeared, and it is probable that in those days the pool was nothing more than a bog, and did



RED DEER: GLENCANNICH

there was a red deer in Anglesea. I have, however, seen heads that have been found in bogs in Ireland, and from memory this head seems to have some resemblance to those I have seen." No doubt this is a just comment. The horns have some likeness to those of the ancient bog stags, but they are not stained quite to the same blackness, being rather of a soft brown and not as dark as the horns of many a Scottish deer of to-day. But the size of the head and its big girth make it a connecting link with those old Irish bog heads, of which the dimensions run to something considerably larger. Ireland, with its rich pasture, was "ever of old," and is still, the home of exceptionally fine red deer, as we reckon them in these islands.

The Devon and Somerset killed a splendid stag at Hagley Bridge, below Watcrow, on September 29th, 1908. It was found in West Hill, Haddon. The dimensions of this head, which is a very symmetrical one, are: Length, 34½ in.; girth, 5 in.; tip to tip, 17½ in.; widest inside, 26 in.; widest outside, 33 in.; points, 7 by 7. Of the Scottish stags' heads which have come into Mr. Rowland Ward's this year, some of the finest have been killed by Mr. W. M. Christy at Kingie. His best all-round head

not hold the present depth of water till an ancestor of mine built up a wall at one end, so as to form a reservoir for the supply of the town. The mud at the spot where the head was found was from eight to nine feet deep, and the head was buried in it to about five feet. Many years have elapsed since

had the following measurements: Length 36 in.; girth, 5½ in.; tip to tip, 13½ in.; widest inside, 28½ in.; widest outside, 32½ in.; points, 5 by 5. He also killed two other ten-pointers with very similar measurements in the same forest. One of the latter had a stretch of 15½ in. from tip to tip. A very wide spread from tip to tip distinguished a splendid eleven-pointer shot in Glenquoich by the Duchess of Bedford. Its



SPANISH RED DEER: 35 in.

Shot by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught.

tip-to-tip measurement was 21½ in. Incalculable is the good which Lord Burton by his intelligent care has done to the Glenquoich forest during his tenancy. At Kinlochewe, Mr. Hawker shot a stag with only ¾ in. less width from tip to tip than the just-mentioned specimen killed by the Duchess of Bedford. At Glencannich, Mr. Bradley Firth had a fine nine-pointer, with a length of horn 29½ in.; girth, 5 in.; tip to tip, 20 in.; widest inside, 26 in.; and widest outside, 30 in. Of course, this does not pretend to be an account of the big stags' heads of the year. An immense majority do not come South to be set up at all. It is only a record of a very remarkable collection to be found at one time in one shop. Taken in conjunction, however, with those heads mentioned in Mr. Wallace's paper on "The Stalking Season of 1908," which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE for

January 2nd, and making allowance for the very many which are preserved and set up privately, this list in itself is evidence that the past season has been quite an exceptional one in Scotland.

The Spanish head, to which reference has been made already, is one shot by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. It is a fifteen-pointer, and remarkably symmetrical and graceful. It has a very fine spread. A noticeable point is the slightness of the girth, which adds to the grace, while it detracts from the force of the appearance. Its measurements are as follows: Length, 35 in.; girth, 4½ in.; tip to tip, 25 in.; widest inside, 29 in.; widest outside, 39 in.; points, 7 by 8. The head of the park stag, from Wood Norton, of H.R.H. the Duc d'Orleans, is remarkable, as has been noted, for its feral character, its great



FROM EXMOOR: 34½ in.

length of brow antlers and so forth, which is rarely seen in the park stag. Its dimensions are: Length, 35½ in.; girth, 5 in.; tip to tip, 22½ in.; widest inside, 28½ in.; widest outside, 33½ in.; points—it is a very symmetrical royal—6 by 6. Of course, these are measurements which do not bring it into the same field of comparison with some of the really great park deer, such as those at Warnham Court, for example, one of which had actually forty-two points when it was killed in 1893. As regards length of horn, this Warnham head has been often beaten, notably by one of 42½ in. in Lord Ilchester's park, Melbury, in Dorsetshire, and also by one of the late Sir Douglas Brooke's at Colebrooke in Ireland. Even these big fellows, however, are not quite like the giants which were on the earth in the old days, and are buried in it still—as is witnessed by the length of 48 in., with girth of 6½ in., credited to a fourteen pointer head which was found at Alport in Derbyshire, and is now in the British Museum. During the excavations for the Manchester Ship Canal, a head was unearthed having a length of horn only ½ in. less and the extraordinary girth of 8 in. There is no reason to think that we have necessarily reached the limit. It is always possible that future excavations may reveal yet larger specimens, and even that our park deer may grow still larger heads than any we have seen yet. The living and the wild heads, however, are the more interesting, and there is a distinct improvement during recent years in the Scottish heads, although they do not rival the heads which our forefathers used to see in the Highlands, when the red deer were not nearly so many and could choose their pasture more freely.



PARK DEER: 35½ in.

From the Duke of Orleans; Wood Norton.

*F. M. Sutcliffe.**SUNDAY ON THE QUAY.*

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## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## WHAT AILED THEM.

BY  
A. H. HAMER.



ELIZA ANN STARK didn't know what ailed her. Her mother said so, and her mother knew everything. In fact, the day

Mrs. Stark came upon Eliza in the act of ladling three teaspoonfuls of tea into the fire, while the brown teapot awaited the same in vain upon the hob, she said that and much more. To say that Eliza Ann didn't know what ailed her might be true as a figure of speech, but it must not be taken literally as a matter of fact. The root of the trouble was very well known both to herself and Mrs. Stark. It was John William Stubbs. John William, who passed the house every day on his way to his work. John William, who passed every day on his way from his work. John William, who was so regular, so dependable, so certain of thirty shillings every Saturday, so certain to turn up the same to his mother without the deduction of the price of a single pint of ale or ounce of tobacco. John William, who always grinned when he saw Eliza Ann in the yard, at the pump, or feeding the chickens. John William, who never did anything else.

Whenever she sat down and closed her eyes, Eliza Ann could hear the clatter of John William's clogs as they sounded when he came down to the stony and steep bit of lane by the side of the house. She had been indulging in this luxury just before she committed that dreadful lapse with the tea.

Her mother did not take matters so contemplatively, or so resignedly, as Eliza Ann.

"Gormless foo's," she said, "there's no tellin' which is softest."

There is no doubt John William was a *parti*: so steady and reliable, always in work, and always drawing full money as he was. He was good-looking, too, an apple-faced young man, with a small dark moustache. He had no faults, but almost an excess of certain virtues. Perhaps the chief of these was a certain simplicity of mind. For instance, it never entered his head that he had grown old enough to be married. Breakfast and supper were always punctually ready for him, and his dinner always carefully put up in a basket, as they had been for fifteen years. His mother had never mentioned the subject to him, nor had the Rev. Mr. Evans, who praised his desire for self-improvement. Mrs. Stubbs was content with an exhibition son and the Rev. Mr. Evans was content with an exhibition Sunday School scholar. They neither of them looked any further.

But this was not the case with Mrs. Stark, the neighbour possessed of the gentle, marriageable daughter. Without in the least pretending to reason on the matter, she felt that in spite of all these appearances, in spite of his mother's smug assuredness, and his parson's complacency, John William Stubbs, the head of the Sunday School, the pride of his mother, John William Stubbs, the prize young man, whom she had never nursed or nurtured, was, nevertheless, by some law of nature, her lawful prize. She would hook him without compunction. But how? She wondered much.

Trotting in her clogs across the stone-floor kitchen, she opened the outer door, and looked out; a blackbird rose from the currant bushes near and flew angrily screaming away, flinging itself over the fence. The cat came and rubbed itself against her skirts. She felt easy and capable in her mind, without the excitement caused by definite ideas. She could see a dot moving in a brown and green field. It was her husband returning from his work in the town. In a moment or two another dot became visible in a green field behind. John William Stubbs also returning. Just then Eliza Ann appeared from her bedroom; it was six o'clock, and she had washed and tidied herself up as was her custom. Mrs. Stark looked at her, and her mind gave birth to an idea.

"Go an' meet yo'r feyther," said Mrs. Stark to her daughter. Her daughter stared at her—"What for?" she queried.

"Ne'er mind what for. Thee goo," her mother replied, looking pleased with herself, but averse to cross-examination. Eliza Ann, always inclined to do as she was told but wondering a good deal, went. She crossed the garden on a footpath laid with flags, opened a small rustic gate and wended her way a solitary figure, across the field. Her gait neither fast nor slow betrayed the hesitation of her mind. As she and the first of the two figures ascending the slightly sloping pastures drew nearer together she involuntarily slackened her pace.

Her father, a square-built man, with bushy whiskers, threw a leg over the stile and entered the field like a man in deep thought. He knew it was baking day and that therefore there would be muffins. When, however, he perceived that his daughter had come to meet him, apparently of set purpose, his face assumed an expression of anxious enquiry. He looked for trouble. Something strayed at the least, if not taken seriously bad. He stopped walking as she came up and looked enquiringly in her face. She was a trifle taller than he was.

Eliza Ann, according to her programme, as she deemed, simply said "Good evening," and turned towards home.

"Good evening," said he, dryly.

"Aught up?" he enquired, after a few moments of unwonted mental activity.

"Naow," replied his daughter, with the regulation little melancholy Combeworth drawl, which seemed to complain that nothing in that Arcadian district ever was "up."

"I come to meet you," she continued, on an impulse, "same as big folk does."

Her father grinned, but with some embarrassment. Meanwhile, John William Stubbs had come up to them. He raised his hat, an action which was strange to him on a weekday, though he often did it on a Sunday. Why he did it now he could not have told; there was that in the atmosphere which made him, something envying Eliza Ann. As for Eliza Ann, she had fallen quite into the spirit of the thing. She felt quite the lady. The scene pleased her. The sun setting behind the hill, the trees turning a russet brown, the apples shining in the garden. She was conscious of a considerate frame of mind having come over her, as it for the first time she appreciated the use of leisure. John William felt there was a quality air about this strolling finish to his walk home with the neat Eliza, who had on a pair of white cuffs and light shoes, while her flaxen hair shone with smoothness.

Mr. Stark had by now put his hands in his pockets, and was surveying his kine in the next field, his apples shining on the trees, his garden and his house, with a feeling that he ought to tip his hat to the back of his head and spit. He did so.

When they came to the diverging of their pathways, John William Stubbs raised his hat again, and, saying "Good evening, Miss Stark," went on with his head in the air.

Mr. Stark found a bit of hay in a waistcoat pocket, which he put in his mouth and sucked. When they arrived at the house, however, he spat it out and put his hat straight. Then he threw his hat on the settle and, without a word, seated himself at the three-legged table, spreading a red and yellow handkerchief over his knees. Mrs. Stark opened the oven-door, letting out a burst of fragrance, and took out muffin after muffin, which she cut up and buttered with practised rapidity. She did not speak either. There was no need. She kept smiling to herself, however; but her smiles had nothing to do with muffins or her husband.

The next evening Eliza Ann again strolled forth and John William again came up in time to accompany her and her father over the last field. The proceeding became a regular and established practice. Mrs. Stubbs noticed it. Her comment was curt. "Yon lass o' Stark's gets fond o' showing herself," she said.

One peculiar result was that Mr. Stark commenced to wash himself before his evening meal. It gave him a leisured, pleasant sort of feeling. But on miffin day he missed, and for the first time did not feel perfectly satisfied afterwards.

As for John William Stubbs, it has been already hinted that, if he had a failing, it was a tendency to acquiesce in things as they were.

Mrs. Stark felt this with renewed irritation. One night she managed so that Eliza could not go out at the usual time. The next evening the same.

When on the third night still no Eliza appeared, John William had a sinking feeling in his stomach. The subtle fragrance of her neat and well-dressed presence had created in him a new desire. It was like a kind of hunger, but his tea did it no good. In fact, when he rose from that meal it became worse. "Elementary Geology," the gift of the Rev. Mr. Evans, did it no good. After staring blankly at a figure of potholes for a time he rose. A feeling ran all down his back. He walked aimlessly to the window.

"I think yo' don't know what ails yer," said his mother. But he did. It was Eliza Ann Stark.

All the requisite conditions had now been established. All that remained was to establish communication between reciprocating desires. Mrs. Stark's triumph was at hand.

John William Stubbs smiled wanly at his mother's remark, and went out of the door, leaving her staring after him in great dissatisfaction; but not knowing what to do, she only closed a drawer with a bang and peevishly routed the cat from under the fender.

Her son walked over the croft and, leaning on a fence, regarded a corner of the Starks' house. Then he moved along until he could see the doorway. There he remained. Darkness fell, and soon all he could see was the dim glow from a lighted window and some of the leaves of the climbing rose bush. A soft rain commenced to fall and a murmuring party of white ducks came round him, busily foraging in the damp grass. He was getting wet. Still he could not leave his post. He must do something in response to the feelings within him, and he could not think of anything else to do. Besides, how was he to explain his wetness to his mother? And every moment his wetness became more inexplicable. What was he going to do? Really, as he thought of it another thrill traversed the regions of his waistcoat, a sort of terror possessed him, he felt adrift and away from all his little range of landmarks. He felt that one person only could help him now. Eliza Ann. The neat, self-possessed, fragrant Eliza Ann, Eliza Ann from whom all these queer feelings came, and who, he felt sure, possessed some regal cure for them. Now a light appeared in a second storey window of the house. A feeling of desperation took him. If that went out he saw nothing for it but remaining where he was until discovered in the morning.

Crawling stiffly over the fence and breaking away a piece of hazel, he tapped, with his heart in his mouth, at the window, which was not more than eight feet from the ground. Nothing happened. He tapped again a little more vigorously; at the same time a little stream of rain-water ran from the back of his hat down his neck. In another moment the light went out. Utter misery fell upon John William, and all the little places where he was wet to the skin became chill and obvious. Then the window-fastening rattled and he caught sight of a hand and a white sleeve. He nearly choked. He tried to whisper "Eliza," but no sound would issue. Must he shout?

Just then he heard a female voice, in smothered but determined accents, exclaim, "Throw some water on him—or let me come."

John William, in a sort of involuntary zeal for truth, exclaimed at once in solemn and audible tones, "I'm wet through a'ready."

"Why, John William! whatever's up?" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Stark, and that person at the same time thrust his bushy face out of the window.

"I thowt I'd just let yo' look at me," said John William.

Mr. Stark certainly did look at him, and so did Mrs. Stark, whose head now appeared over Mr. Stark's shoulder. They looked at him long, and in silence, because they did not know what else to do.

"Did yo' say yo' were wet?" said Mrs. Stark, at last.

"Yigh, I'm wet," assented John William, straightforwardly.

"Yo'd happen better get home and get to bed?" queried Mrs. Stark, very cautiously.

"Nay, I think not," replied John William, with an air of having already thought it out.

Silence resumed its reign. John William, standing stiffly in the wet, had now neither hopes nor fears. Mr. and Mrs. Stark were stranded in perplexity. Some whispering at length ensued, and in a few minutes Mr. Stark in a partial costume appeared at the doorway.

"Come for'ard," he said, and John William mechanically entered the house. The fire was still burning, and in a few moments Mrs. Stark, also in a partial costume, appeared and lighted the lamp.

"Sit yo' down," said Mrs. Stark.

John William did so, and little rivulets of rain-water began to course over the floor, with him as their source.

Mrs. Stark was now feeling some pleasant sensations of mystery and importance. She began to think there must be somebody dead or seriously ill at the least, or possibly, she thought, with a sudden tremor of excitement, there might be trouble between John William and his mother.

She continued stirring the fire until she could compose her countenance; then, turning to the young man with a solemn and sympathetic expression, she sat down, with a deep sigh, prepared to enjoy herself.

Several minutes elapsed without any sign from John William.

"It's tryin'," she said at last, in a sympathetic voice, "I'm sure."

"It is," said John William, simply, referring to his present sensations.

Mrs. Stark gave a deep sigh, folded her hands on her lap and, with her head fallen sideways, rolled up her eyes and waited in an attitude intended to typify sympathetic dejection.

After waiting some time she squinted round at John William to see if there were any prospects of the expected communication. But John William's face had no promise on it. His soul craved for Eliza, but his tongue refused to speak it, and his honest countenance gave no signs of hopefulness of being able to communicate anything.

But Mrs. Stark, in her annoyance at this waste of her artistic powers, could not forbear a glance of impatient scrutiny, and, their eyes meeting, a sort of interjection of despair was struck from John William's soul.

"I could like a change," he said.

"To be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Stark, getting up at once, with reinforced enthusiasm, and glancing at the little pools and rivulets on the floor. She thought he meant his clothes, and deduced at once that the trouble must be between himself and his mother.

"I'll get his black suit," she said, meaning her husband's.

"Yo' met 'a' fotched it yo'sel'," she exclaimed, turning angrily on the impassive Mr. Stark, to hide her almost irrepressible glee. "Nay, never heed getting up now," she went on, "yo'll only wakken Eliza—thumping about." And gathering the front of her skirt in one hand, she went, creaking and scuffling, up the stairs in her stocking feet.

John William had never thought of his clothes; but he now realised how uncomfortable he was in his own, and when Mrs. Stark appeared with her husband's Sunday and funeral suit of well-brushed black, he made no demur as she told him to get them on as quick as he could.

"I'll gie thee five minutes," she said, and, with a little smile, betook herself upstairs again.

When Mrs. Stark sat down on the top of the stairs to wait and recover her breath, she became speedily aware that Eliza Ann's door was partly open.

A hurried whisper came from behind it.

"Mother! mother! whatever's the matter?"

"It's John William," whispered her mother through the crack.

Eliza knew that.

"Is there summat up?" queried Eliza, now putting her head round the door.

"His proceedings seem to signify so," said her mother, with an air of impersonal but expert interest.

"I'll get up," said Eliza.

"Nay," said her mother, with an air of critical doubt, "I don't think as it would be quite the c'rect thing."

"He's in some trouble," said Eliza, "I know it." And she closed her door.

When Mrs. Stark returned to the kitchen she was received with a wan smile by John William, who sat by the fire with the large collar of Mr. Stark's coat almost above the back of his head.

"Happen yo'd like something to eat?" said Mr. Stark. John William made no demur.

Mrs. Stark, bustling about, soon had a meat pie, an apple tart, cheese and a jug of home-brewed ale on the table.

Now John William, who had entered upon his adventures poorly fortified, owing to his feelings not allowing him to do justice to his tea, was very hungry. So was Mr. Stark. He always was. And this was an exceptional opportunity for him. Encouraged by each other, the two men warmed to their work, and Mrs. Stark, wondering what it was going to cost her, had commenced to throw frightfully expressive glances at Mr. Stark, who never gave her a chance by looking up, when the door at the foot of the stairs opened, and the fair figure of Eliza, neatly dressed and with her hair well brushed, stepped daintily in. She paused with a smile at the spectacle before her.

John William Stubbs rose.

"That's what I were wantin'," he said.

Eliza's smile broadened of itself.



John William, his immaturity sloughing from him, as it were, strode round the table and gathered the smiling Eliza into the folds of her father's voluminous waistcoat.

"Tha's found it out now, what I come for, I daresay?" he said, simply, looking round at her mother.

## A TREK THROUGH THE GRAMPIANS.

IT was my good luck to be permitted to accompany a somewhat venturesome, but thoroughly successful, trek by mounted troops through some of the most difficult country that even Scotland can boast. The Scottish Horse,

under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquess of Tullibardine, carried out some manoeuvres last July in the midst of the Grampians, not unlike the movements of the Italian Army before the disastrous Battle of Adowa. The following was the general idea: A hostile body of freebooters was reported to have taken refuge in the Forest of Atholl. The passes to the north into Aberdeenshire having been blocked by a co-operating force, the Scottish Horse received orders to drive the enemy into the hands of these troops. In order to leave no possibility of escape for the enemy, the officer commanding the Scottish Horse marched in six parallel columns on to the head of Glen Tilt, where the enemy were presumed to have been located. No. 1 column marched by the south of Beinn-a-Ghlo, and No. 6 column by Beinn Dearg and round the river Tairi. The route of the remaining columns lay over intervening watersheds or along suitable glens, and a right rough time some of them had, too, having in some cases to ascend to an altitude of over 3,500ft., and on other occasions to traverse peat bogs hitherto deemed impossible even for hill ponies. Inter-communication was admirably maintained by flag and helio. To these hardy mountaineers tents seemed superfluous, and each man carried rations for two days and forage on his saddle along with his cloak and blanket, while those who were wise also carried a little firewood. The march having been successfully accomplished, without any casualty more serious than a stray ducking here and there in a mountain burn, the force bivouacked in the evening at the head of Glen Tilt, each column, in spite of the difficult nature of the country, arriving very well up to the anticipated time. The spot chosen was a large, flat haugh named the Lochan, in olden times the scene of a great hunt in honour of Queen Margaret, a tale which is recounted in the "Atholl Chronicles" and in "Scrope":

EXTRACT FROM "SCROPE'S DEER-STALKING," COPIED FROM PITSCOTTIE.

In 1529, King James the Vth passed to the Highlands to hunt in Athole, and took with him his mother Margaret, Queen of Scotland (eldest

daughter of Henry VII. of England) and an Ambassador of the Pope then in Scotland. The Earl of Athole, hearing of the King's coming, made great provision for him in all things. . . . This noble earl gart make a curious palace to the King, his mother, and the ambassador, equivalent for their hunting and pastime; which was builded in the midst of a fair meadow, a fair palace of green timber wind (wound by) green birks, which was fashioned in four quarters . . . as it had been a block house which was lofted and geisted (joisted) the space of three house heights (three stories high) the floors laid with green scharets and spreaths (green turfs and rushes) medvarts (meadow-sweet) and flowers, that no man knew whereon he sat, but as he had been in a garden. Further there were two great rounds in ilk side of the gate, and a great portcullis of trees falling down with the manner of a barrace (barrier), and a great stank of water of 16 feet deep, and 30 feet of breadth, and the palace within was hung with fine tapestry and arrasages of silk, and lighted with fine glass windows in all airths (points of compass). Further this earl gart



### A HALT ON BEINN-A-GHLO.

make such provision, that they had all manner of meats, drinks and delicacies, that is to say, all kinds of liquor, as ale, beer, wine, white and red, malvasy murhadel hippocras and aqua vite. Of meats, wheat, moin and gingerbread: with fleshes, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice (young pigs)—coks—capon, coney, swan, partridge, plover, duck, brisset-cock (Turkey) pawnsies (peacock) muirfoal and capercaillies. The Stanks (Tanks—Old English) were full of salmon trouts, pearches, pikes, eels: syne there were proper Steuards, cunning Baxters (Bakers), pottengars (herb cooks), so that I heard say it cost the Earl of Athole a thousand pounds every day . . . When the King departed the Highland men set the palace on fire, according as was the custom,—at least so said the King. . . . I also heard say that they slew 30 score of harts and hynds with other small beasts—roe and roebuck, wolf, fox, and wild cats.

For now twa days with Lord Atholl hae been  
King James the V. and his mother the Queen.  
With Lords and Ladies, an goodly Show  
And all were lodged on Beinn a Ghlo.

M.S. by the late M. G. Lewis.

A typical "Scotch mist," which the Sassenach would probably have described as a downpour, did not tend to make bivouacking a pleasure; but with a fine morning and a good breakfast spirits

rose, clothes began to dry, and the men were eager to show that "Whatever men can dare they can do." The return march was accomplished by an easier route for most of the troops, but three squadrons returned *via* Beinn-a-Ghlo, headed by their active brigadier, followed by an orderly, carrying his pennon on a lance. It was no joke for man or beast to pick his way, here among the clattering stones, there across the treacherous moss, and all were soon glad to follow in the tracks of an untiring stalker, Donald by name, who knew every corner of the hill by heart; glad was this scribe of the assistance of a well-known white garron called "Auld Maggie," who took the "hull" in style. A more picturesque crowd, and a more unwonted one, could surely never have met the eyes of the "Witch of Beinn-a-Ghlo," who, doubtless, heard the tread of iron hoof and armed men upon her:

Mount of stone whereon snakes alive  
she was feeding alone.  
By the Laws below that fiends obey  
I call thee, I charm thee,  
ride hither thy way.

Low down the steep track was  
spangled with the pretty white



A BIVOUAC IN LOCHAN.



cranberry flower, the starchy avaran or cloud-berry, in moist places the graceful pinguicula and white cotton plant. Sweet little pansies peeped out among the grasses, while higher up the linaria (?) crept about the stones, and the sturdy, stumpy club moss asserted itself as cheeky as any Munro could have wished. The top of Carn-nam-Gabhar, a ridge broadening to a plateau, was one mass of glistening stone—a tale and nickel—and round the Cairn were plenty “clatters,” as the men of Dartmoor call the numerous blocks placed there when Titans ruled, and shovelled aside by that mighty scalpel which has formed so many of our old bens, rounding many into “meals” or “mols” and shearing off the peaks of others. The contrast of the dark-coloured horses standing linked on this lonely ridge, with all the paraphernalia of saddles, head ropes, forage bags and mess tins, was striking indeed. A much-needed halt was called, and soon the “glasses”

were out. Siccan a view! five counties at least and from sea to sea. Forfar hills meeting to the east, and bold Ben Nevis guarding the west in Inverness, Ben Macdui and the Cairns Gorm in Aberdeenshire. Ben Alder to the north, the Fife Lomonds to the south. Birnam Hill

opposite Dunsinane, Mount Blair east and Schiehallion west, the centre of the world, scientists say! Large patches of snow set off these blue giants in fine relief, and the pretty Loch Lochl, and further on Loch Ordie, with the Tummel and Tay like silver threads, seem to unite, not divide, the lovely peaceful straths. Patches of the whitest and finest sand—result of much grinding in the sure, if slow, “mills of God”—ornamented the hillside, in old days most useful in making “bones” for scythe and sickle.

“Volunteers wanted to build a cairn,” shouts the brigadier. Jackets off, sleeves turned up, masons to the front line off to hand along rocks, and in a trice a high cairn was built, and if it did show a small subsidence, two strong buttresses were immediately added, just to show that the troopers were not to be beat. So let the cairn of the Scottish Horse—to a Sassenach it sounded like “Carn na lich na Albanaich”—stand till the end of time to commemorate this mountain climb and successful trek.

Animal-life is scarce up in the tops, but every now and again a hind gave a watchful note to her calf, a fox barked, and two splendid ptarmigans croaked their remonstrance against our invasion, while the curlew mourned, the great golden eagle floated overhead and a few blue white hares scuttled along the barren ridge.

“Getting up is bad enough, but coming down is worse,” grumbled a subaltern, when his Low Country horse, slipping on the treacherous flat stones, sown like tares by the Evil One, nearly couped him into a “boghole.” Another trooper from Forfar, adjuring his charger—black, with portentous mane and tail—after a stumble in the treacherous moss: “Ye stupid brute, what for did ye leave yer trade, mony a corp hae ye gien a hurl tae the kirk yaird.” The descent into Glen Fender is certainly steep and nasty, necessitating a long straggly line in single file.

“Mal camino al sera,” the Spanish say, “road gets bad towards evening”; but all turned up and, lodged once more in camp, a jovial dinner not unaccompanied by “libations” of the “boy,” followed by a capital sing-song made us only long for greater feats for the morrow.

A. M. M.

## THE LIFE OF A BAT.

IT was in the winter of 1903 and 1904 that we first saw him. He was a small specimen of the common bat, squatting, not hanging, on a narrow ledge of masonry beside the window of the drawing-room. On being touched he retreated awkwardly behind a water-pipe attached to the wall, entering a cavity formed by the riveted fastening. He never hung head downwards in this to my knowledge, nor have I seen him in the traditional posture more than a few times. He remained in the cavity all day during his first residence with us. In 1906, with an opera glass, I, from the library, detected what I thought was a mouse walking along the same ledge. Focussing the glass, I again, however, recognised the bat. Thinking he would get to the cavity before me, I rushed downstairs and out, but found he had not been moving at all. It was the same specimen, sunning himself on the warm sandstone; he allowed himself to be touched and stroked, but not his membranes; these natural aeroplanes are unquestionably

the most sensitive organs. Thinking I took liberties, he retreated sideways to the cavity, to the existence of which he had first drawn my attention. No one could have noticed it, and no other bat. This alone would prove him to have been the same specimen. He applied his left membrane to the wall and both hind feet to the ledge and disappeared, hand over hand, open-eyed, into his cell. He only re-appeared for his siesta on two or three days, and always in bright sunshine. Finally, in 1908, in the spring, he re-appeared on his old favourite ledge, about noontide one day in brilliant sunshine. He took up a position like a cat, licked his fore-limbs alternately with his red tongue, and passed them over his face and ears. I made several attempts to photograph this process, but on my arrival with the camera, without opening his eyes, he felt my approach, unquestionably through his membranes, and sat still; yet, when I touched him, he seemed friendly enough. On this visit he stayed for a good many weeks, sometimes flying to a wood about a quarter of a mile away in the bright evening, and invariably returning the same night. To see him take the mouth of the narrow alcove

was like watching a Channel steamer making a pier, rudder against propeller. He had to close his wings while he dropped in, and I cannot think how he did it. I photographed him on the wing, by hiding close to the water-pipe when he went out for the afternoon, and am one of the few naturalists who have ever seen a bat start on its flight, or have given food to one. He started thus: Fixing the weak hind paws, seldom used on any other occasion, but convenient when the hooks on the tibia are unavailable, to a point on the wall as high as he could reach, he then spread his wings and closed them slowly protruding the thorax, lowered himself as far as he could go, and then drew back again, many times, the whole

body trembling, the little fur-covered heart throbbing like a dynamo; finally, he simply dropped, becoming first a parachute and then an aeroplane.

I do not think that the bat is capable of affection or has much intelligence, but he seems to know one person from another, and his sense of locality is something marvellous. For example, on one occasion, when a lady attempted to stroke him on his ledge, he screamed with fright and flew in her face; she ducked her head, and he passed up into a tree, where he hung till she had gone, and then returned, whereas, only once, when I tried to intercept his retreat to his cavity, did he turn and snap at me. He was not able, by the way, to do much harm, as he had only four small pointed teeth that could not draw blood. Very different was the long-eared bat brought to me by a labourer who had found him in an old bridge of which the parapet was being repaired. He was in the man's cap, and so large that two hands were required to hold him, and grey-coloured with a foxy face; he screamed like a bird, and bit right and left with two sound rows of teeth. I did not keep this one, as I thought it would be more difficult to tame than the old short-eared bat; so he was released, and the first thing he did was to return to the crevice from which he had been withdrawn, showing lack of intelligence, but a sense of locality. What surprised me about the short-eared bat was the regularity of his hours; he always returned shortly after dark, and sunned himself all morning. He left us in the late spring of last year, and for some time before the screams of females were heard outside, so it was the pairing season that drew him away. He has never returned. Again, only the other day, I found a short-eared bat very badly crushed on the footpath. I placed him in safety, and went into town, picked him up on my return and took him home. One hind foot was badly mutilated, and I doubted if the specimen were not dead. I determined to put him under chloroform—“to make siccar”—and to dissect or to bury him. I enclosed him in a box and gave him a supply, soaking the floor of the box. To my astonishment, I heard his expanded wings thrash its sides. I waited, opened the box and found him alive. So I determined to keep him alive, as he was only inspired by chloroform, and left him on the sill of the open window, having straightened the foot as well as possible. The creature was gone when I next looked, and I later found him dead on the gravel, already beginning to decompose badly. Decomposition is a matter of hours with this form of life, and I attribute the fact to the membranous structure of the genus. There was an immediate shrinkage in size, not found anywhere else in mammals, probably due to the collapse of inflatable chambers indispensable in life to the bats, flying dragons and flying squirrels. The birds have hollow quills through which the air undoubtedly passes, and the flying mammalia, having no quills, must have some compensatory feature; and I put forward the view that the bat is worthier the attention of aeroplanists than the bird, inasmuch as he is lighter in proportion to his wing-surface than the bird, and simpler to copy. The experiment might be tried of chambers inflatable and exhaustible, attached to the wings of the aeroplanes, as a thin-walled chamber containing a vacuum might displace a volume of air heavier than itself. In conclusion, the specimen I attempted to tame, on his last stay with us, have been between four and five years old at least, as he was adult when he first came. The study of him disproves many popular ideas, including that of bats' dislike of the sun; he enjoyed the sun, and slept nearly all night, as I went out at midnight and found him asleep. Should he return I will endeavour to supply the reader with a series of interesting photographs of a genus too little observed.

ASHMORE WINGATE.



BUILDING A CAIRN ON CARN-NAM-GABHAR.

## QUEEN ANNE.

**L**AST of the crowned Stewarts, Queen Anne was stout and middle-aged when the sorrel horse stumbled with King William, and her reign was but a dozen years of our history. Yet it was a decisive reign, and this not for the Act of Union or for the victories that Marlborough won and Addison hymned. History goes like a game of musical chairs. There comes a time of change, the players rise from their seats and hurry to the music until at some arbitrary chord everybody



A CHARLES II. ARMCHAIR.

is seated again, and all in new places. Queen Anne's short reign marks a change of ages, a more important matter than a change of dynasties. Our fathers and grand fathers had something in common with the English of the last years of Queen Anne, while the Jacobean Englishman remains a strange beast whom antiquaries must explain. A certain modernism began at the Court of merry King Charles; the monarch himself marked it by doffing the doublet and proclaiming something that was the ancestor of our frock-coat, the fashion of the future. The ragged Court in exile had brought back customs that

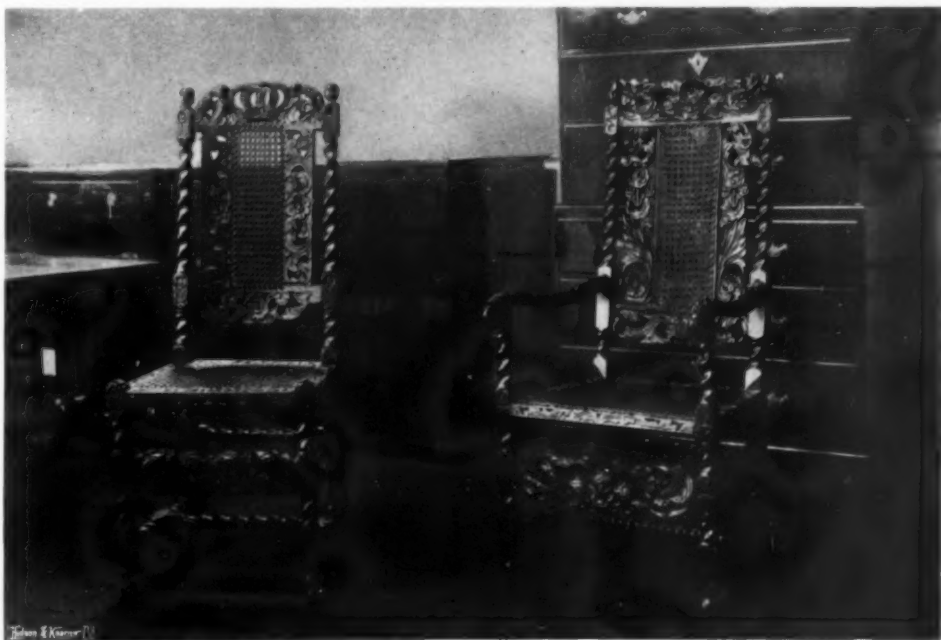


CANE AND VELVET.

countered and broke many an old English rule, and more foreign novelties came in with a Dutch sovereign. The old English manner of life changed. But we are a nation that devours its conquerors. Before Queen Anne was dead we had made a full meal of the new fancies. England had swallowed them and was again herself, ready to oppose English conservatism to any High Dutch tricks that the Elector might be tempted to thrust upon us. It is for this reason that Queen

Anne's name is given to almost all things that belong to the time of change and assimilation. With one hand she touches the Jacobians, the other being stretched out toward the reign of the third George; chairs and tables share the loose and significant classification. Queen Anne's name serves us as a label for the works of many long years.

Everyone who has seen and handled old furniture knows the last oaken age, named Jacobean as carelessly as we throw about our word of Queen Anne. For



THE RESTORATION.





VERITABLE QUEEN ANNE



CHILD'S CHAIR AND GEORGIAN ARMCHAIR.



TRUE CHIPPENDALE.

five or six generations defeated mediævalism fought a stubborn losing battle against the Renaissance shapes, disputing every inch with the persuasive Italian style. The Commonwealth saw our furniture sullenly plain, heavily rational. Restored cavaliers, who in their own persons may have enjoyed small household comfort, had seen a rare domestic luxury in other men's homes, and with their recovered rents in their purses called for new shapes and new pieces. Mouldings, severe as a Puritan's falling band, would not serve. The plain chair in which Oliver's men sat, saw the panels of its back and seat changed for yielding cane, its framing pierced and riddled with carving of flowers and crowns and cupids. Thus we have the characteristic walnut-wood caned chair of the Restoration, of which three good specimens are seen in our illustrations. Their strength lies in sound framing and good joiner's work, for almost every inch of wood is lightened with its enrichment. Uprights are lathe-turned into twists, flat surfaces are deeply carved after a fashion out of the possibilities of oak-carving. The largest armchair is below the seat an arrangement of scrolls, the feet ending as the paws of some ponderous beast. Here we see a suggestion of the cabriole leg which, becoming a characteristic of Queen Anne furniture of the better class, has never yet been driven out of fashion. Baluster legs with arched scrollwork for a streicher are in our picture of the high-backed William and Mary chair. Chair cushions were plentiful in the Restoration period, but here the cushion is the fixed seat of a chair upholstered with velvet, the canework remaining in the back which receives the shoulders with a slight curve. Its cresting is scrollwork of no character. In such a chair might the Court lady of King William's age sit enthroned, the fontange of her head-dress nodding high above the chair back.

True and typical Queen Anne are those plain chairs, strong without mass and full of the distinction that good and reasoned labour gives to its task. Here is a chair without arms, the high back swayed backward with the broad middle splat characteristic of the age—a splat well-fashioned as the belly of a Cremona violin. The armchair facing it is on the same lines, having the clean outline for all ornament. In each the four legs stand monumentally, the front ones of the simplest cabriole type. There is no scroll to catch at the lady's hoops, no cresting to disturb the full curls of the beau's periwig. The habit of a well-dressed man at the eighteenth century's beginning ranges itself with such furniture; for, when the folly of the wig has been condoned, the rest of it was not unreasonable—the plainly-cut coat, collarless, with small skirts, the close breeches, buckled shoes and stockings drawn over the knees, the steenkirk and shirt cuffs of silk, fine linen and lace. This habit is between and far from the macaronic extravagances of the late eighteenth century and the braggart splendours of the first Restoration Courts. Another of our pictures gives us a child's armchair, a little wonder of sturdy joinery, in which the Queen Anne splat is lightened with piercing. With it is an armchair with a lozenge seat—a Georgian chair, in whose ample back two more elaborately pierced splats alternate with three turned posts rising



from three of the legs. The fourth leg is a cabriole with ball and claw foot. Fashion has exalted Chippendale and all his works—his Chinese-Gothic and his Gothic-Chinese—above all to which Queen Anne gives her name. But a fine piece of Chippendale's making is depicted here, a settee that will show at once how the Chippendale carved splat and back-frame derive from the Queen Anne and how well the earlier fashion bears comparison with the later. We may be far from the day when the hysteria of the auction room will raise the bids for a set of Queen Anne chairs to many hundreds of guineas, but the Queen Anne holds its own with those whom sound workmanship and the untortured beauty of simple lines have power to please.

## GRILSE.

THE interest and importance of this subject are so great that a reference to the results the Severn returns for last year bring out may be of use in regard to other rivers and serve to indicate the lines on which observations should be made. The Severn returns differ from those from other rivers and from those published by the Board of Agriculture in one very important respect—the classification of the fish caught. All other rivers and the official returns divide the catch into two classes only—grilse and salmon. The Severn go a step further and divide it into three—grilse, which are locally called botchers, salmon on their first return to fresh water—immature fish; gillings, salmon on their second return—mature fish; and salmon, all other fish whose number of visits cannot be ascertained—aged fish. It is a matter of regret that this classification is not universally followed, for it brings out some points of great interest, and, at present, the want of it prevents proper comparisons being made. Possibly the best way would be if the inspectors would adopt some form of definition of grilse—mature and aged fish—and try to induce the Board and those interested to use it, as at present the lack of a proper classification leads to confusion and prevents the right deductions being made from the facts that are supplied. This is all the more important since the observations of Mr. Calderwood have established that the period the smolts remain in the sea on their first visit varies considerably; they may return as grilse, immature fish, or they may return as gillings, that is, mature fish; so one of the most important points to be worked out by observation is what proportion of the English and Welsh salmon return as immature and mature fish. When this has been ascertained for a series of years, and the conditions that prevail in each year are also known, it may be possible to arrive at some conclusion as to the causes which influence the return of the fish to fresh water—in other words, of a good and a bad grilse year. For the Severn there are six years of observations given. Before considering them it may be well to mention the theories of the local fishermen as to the migrations of fish from salt to fresh water. They say salmon (aged fish) come all the year round; gillings (mature fish) twice a year, Easter and Michaelmas; botchers (immature fish) once a year, Midsummer to Michaelmas. This legend is an old one, based on the time when the Justices at Quarter Sessions fixed the close time, that is, before the Act of 1861, when fishing went on at least from January 1st to October 1st. The tables bear out the legend. In only one year (1904) have any immature fish been taken before June; then a few were taken in May; but it will be noted that the June catch in that year was less than in any other of the six years. It would thus seem it was some accidental cause that brought these fish a few days earlier than usual, and that in fact they would, but for some accident (a possible fresh), have come at their usual time. The six years' figures, therefore, give this—that the immature fish do not return to fresh water before June. In that month they begin to come, but the numbers are small. The percentage of salmon

caught in June is about one-third of the whole catch of the year—30 per cent.—but the percentage of immature fish is only 1 per cent. of the 30. If the July take is considered, it is only 28 per cent. of the take of the year, but the immature fish have risen from 1 of the 30 per cent. to 5 of the 28 per cent.; while for half of August (the season closes on the 15th) the total catch is just under 16 per cent., and the immature fish are one-quarter (3.94 per cent.) of the total. This proves the accuracy of the fishermen's legend of Midsummer to Michaelmas botchers. It would be a matter of very great interest to find out how long the run of immature fish goes on after the close season begins. It certainly does all through August, and to some extent in September, but it leaves off after that date, as most of the fish seen, both in the estuary and the fresh water, after October 1st are not immature, but mature, fish. So far, the Severn figures only tend to prove what has been observed everywhere—that the return of the immature fish takes place at a uniform time, the three summer months, June, July and August. It would seem that this is the case at whatever time the smolts migrate seawards, whether in the spring or the autumn, so that it appears to follow that the fish do not require a uniform time to remain in the sea before their return. Mr. Calderwood established this fact, and also that the stay in

the sea lasts certainly until the year after they first enter it; that is, that the old idea is wrong that held that smolts went to the sea and returned to the river the same year. Having got so far, the point arises, how long do they stay in the sea? This is one of those points that can only be answered by marking fish, as unless the number descending is known, the figures of returning fish, based on unknown totals, are of small value. All that can be said is that in such a year there were large numbers of smolts migrating, in another year a smaller number. Unfortunately, there are no figures that can claim any accuracy on the subject. It is known that in some years the seaward migrations are larger than in others. If this is borne in mind, it discounts to a very great extent the figures of the takes. The figures are, however, curious, and worthy of study. The immature fish at first sight has no apparent relation to the mature in the total catch; the immature seem to vary each year, a high take being followed by a lower and a low by a higher, thus: 1904, 1,730; 1905, 1,270; 1906, 2,500; 1907, 1,600; 1908, 2,100. A drop in round numbers of 500 in 1905 is followed by a large rise in 1906, a drop in 1907 and a rise in 1908. It may be a mere coincidence, but if it is not it helps to support Mr. Calderwood's views that only a certain percentage of smolts return in



BALL AND CLAW FEET.

the first year as grilse and a large percentage remain in the sea. On the present evidence it would be quite out of the question to say that this explained the grilse problem; but it does offer a possible explanation, which it will be for future observers to test, namely, that out of each year's smolts that reach the sea only some are ready to return the next year; that this leaves a large quantity to return the following year, and the returning fish of this year are the residue of the previous year with the percentage of those ready to return after one year's stay; and that the union of these two lots makes a good grilse year. For instance, on the Severn the returning fish in 1904 would be the 1903 residue plus the percentage of 1904 that were ready to return; 1905 would have the 1904 residue and its own percentage. A good grilse year would therefore depend on two things—the largeness of the accumulation of the previous year and the largeness of the percentage of the year that were ready to return. It would mean a clearing out of all the accumulations of past years, so that at the next migration there would be very few besides the yearly percentage to come back, and so a bad grilse year. In order to test this view the figures for a series of years like those on the Tweed require to be studied, and also the point as to how long the usual interval between good and bad grilse years is—do they occur in cycles, like the salmon seasons, or only at single intervals?

J. W. WILLIS BUND.



**L**EICESTERSHIRE is a county of undulations rather than of hills, but the hamlet of Holt in Medbourne parish stands not merely on a hill, but on one of real steepness, as anyone climbing up to it from Medbourne village well knows. Nicholls, therefore, in his "History of Leicestershire," published in 1798, rightly describes it as "on a lofty eminence; the soil rich and fruitful, the air clear, pure and healthy; the situation happy for an extensive view of a rich and cultivated country adorned and interspersed

with many good houses of the neighbouring gentry." The great house of motley appearance and many periods which gradually arose here looks south over the valley of the Welland—the river which forms the boundary between the counties of Leicester and Northampton—on whose opposite banks and rising ground lie the parish and park of Carlton, whence came Holt's first builder. By his marriage with the heiress of Simon Ward in the ninth year of Henry IV.'s reign, William Palmer, "a person very eminent in the knowledge

of the law," came into possession of the Easthall Manor of Carlton, and there his descendants in the male line are seated to this day. As eight or nine years after William Palmer's marriage Richard Knightley acquired Fawsley, these two families divide the honour of having transmitted their acres to the male line for a longer period than any other Northamptonshire landowners, for we have seen that the Brudenells, though they owned property in the county as early as the reign of Henry III., did not become seized of Deene until the Tudors had ascended the throne. Either through his "knowledge of the law," or from some other means, William Palmer was in a position to acquire additional estates beyond that which came to him through matrimony. He possessed himself of the Westhall Manor of Carlton. It had been the property of Sir Theobald Trussell, as was likewise a manor in Holt, and both were released by his son John and his daughter Anne to William Palmer. Though but a hamlet of Medbourne, Holt had been a separate manor of old enclosure from early times. Fitz Urses, Burnehys and Kirkebys are mentioned successively as its lords before the Trussells, whose name appears in Edward III.'s time. The Palmer possession did not commence till 1418, and it was 1443 before they acquired the whole of its lands. In that year we find that "Henry Rydall of Wrytinges, co. Northampton, released all his right in eight messuages two cottages 140 acres of land, 20 acres of meadow 20 acres of pasture and 60 acres of wood in Holt juxta Medbourne, co. Leicester to Thomas Palmer of Holt Esq." Thomas was one of the sons of William of Carlton, and now that he was in possession of the whole of



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MUSICIANS' GALLERY IN THE OLD HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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INTERIOR OF THOMAS PALMER'S ORIEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Holt, he seems to have determined to seat himself on its summits, for in 1448 he obtains from the Crown leave to impark 300 acres and to have free warren at Holt, and in all his demesne lands in ten other Leicestershire places or parishes, including Medbourne. He was evidently a man of large means and influence, and he set himself to work to build a house that should match his position. Of this house no portions now retain their original features except the porch and the hall, though much more of the old walling and fabric may be left. Certainly on five occasions since Thomas Palmer's time have alterations and additions taken place, each successive period destroying or cloaking the general disposition and particular detail of much that had gone before. But, in the centre of the long and polyglot façade, there still remains in a state of remarkably good preservation the most elaborate bit of Thomas Palmer's work, a gem of fifteenth century domestic Gothic. The oriel is a century earlier than the notable example at Fawsley, which was illustrated in these pages last July, and which, though much loftier, is less ornate. In fact, the Holt oriel is most exceptional, for its rich and delicate carvings still maintain their original freshness and perfection. The stone is of that pre-eminent type which time and exposure only tend to harden. Where exposed to the elements it has assumed the patina of age—a yellowish



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THE EAST DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

grey colour, figured with miniature silver-coloured lichens and greenish mosses. But there is neither fracture nor detrition. The west wing of the house, containing the parlours, projected forward, as at great Chalfield and in many other fifteenth century examples. The oriel is not therefore detached on three entire sides, but only fully on two, and slightly on the third. Instead, therefore,



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THE OLD HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



of five sides of an octagon, it presents only three and a-half. These have, at their angles, buttresses shaped as shafted columns, whose capitals are platforms on which sejant heraldic beasts are set. The outer ones are clearly lions, but the one in the centre is less easily named. The head is rather boar-like in its snout, but yet it is connected with the masonry at its back by what

the upper string-course of the porch presents several beasts not known at the Zoological Gardens. This string-course of the porch (which besides beasts has also angels with scrolls, masques and shields) gives us, in conjunction with one or two of the panels below it and above the windows, the key to its origin. There is no mention of Thomas Palmer or anyone else as a



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NORTH WALL OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have the appearance of antlered horns. It must therefore represent the antelope ducally gorged and chained, which is among the badges used by kings of the Houses of both York and Lancaster. The sculptor employed by Thomas Palmer claimed some licence in his treatment of the animal world, and the delightful bestiary which adorns the large hollow moulding of

builder of any part of Holt, nor, indeed, any account of the house, in Nicholls's or any other published matter with which the present writer is acquainted, and therefore reliance must be placed on the evidence of architectural style and of heraldry. What does the porch teach us? The Gothic details answer perfectly for the time between Thomas Palmer's licence to

impark and his death in 1476, while the heraldry definitely proves them to be of that period. On the left-hand side of the great plain panel over the door, the inner panel above the window has a shield—the only shield on the front of the porch—bearing a fleur-de-lys. Now: Azure, a fleur-de-lys, sable; were the arms adopted by Thomas Palmer, while his father, William Palmer of Carlton—and all succeeding Palmers of Carlton—bore: Argent, a chevron between three crescents, or. Both these Palmer shields appear in the string-course on the west side of the porch, and below it (in the central panel above the window) is another and still more conclusive shield. Here the fleur-de-lys of the husband impales the three bends and the canton ermine of the wife. This is the Bishopsdon shield, and we read that Thomas Palmer's second wife was "*Elizabeth*, daughter and coheir of *William Bishopsdon*, of Bishopsdon, co. Warwick." We therefore know that it is Thomas Palmer who

them are left as blocks awaiting the chisel. These oriel shields were placed here for a structural reason. They occupy one of the divisions of the high four-tier window, as from the outside it seems to be. But as a matter of fact the oriel in the hall is low and uses two tiers only. The top tier lights a little room over it, and the shield tier occupies, on the outside, the space which is taken up inside by the very beautiful stone groined roof of the oriel, with its quatre-foil panels and richly-carved bosses. For the rest, there is little to mark the period of Thomas Palmer except the blocked-up window on the north wall of the hall. The roof is of rough, unwrought beams, and probably replaced the original one during the great alterations which took place about Queen Anne's time, when the hall was given a flat ceiling and a great coved frieze painted with gods and goddesses in the style of Verrio, all of which was removed by the present owner. Thomas Palmer had no son, but, by Elizabeth Bishopsdon, he



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EAST END OF LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

built the house of which this porch and hall are a glorious remnant, and we know that he built it after his second marriage and before his death. Had he, indeed, quite finished his work when his life closed in 1476? As it is, the great panel which occupies the space over the doorway is meaningless and worse than meaningless. It has no right to occupy, with its primitive plainness, its embryonic formlessness, the place of honour, and push aside, and even round the corner, the elaborate windowing and carved work. Had Thomas Palmer intended here to have had a much more elaborate and conspicuous exhibition of heraldry such as we find at Hornby and Warkworth? There is no trace of work lost or removed, and the whole of the masonry looks original and undisturbed. It may have been left to be carved as a sunk panel, a stage of completeness never reached either here or on the oriel, where the shields and strip of convex stone below

had a daughter Katherine, who brought Holt to her husband, William Nevill of Rolleston in Nottinghamshire. He "derived his descent from the Kings of England of the West Saxon Line," but also less remotely and more securely from the Nevills of Raby, whose saltire ermine he quartered with his own arms; "or, fretty gules, on a canton per pale Ermine and or a galley, sails furled sable," which some Nevills used to represent their descent from the "Nevill" who was "Admiral to the Conqueror." Such is the shield which surmounts the altar tomb in the south transept of the church on which lies the effigy of Sir Thomas Nevill who died in 1637, but who was not by birth a Nevill but a Smyth. He was the grandson of a Sir Thomas Nevill (himself a grandson of William Nevill and Katherine Palmer) whom Leland called "Neville of The Holt," and held to be among "the Gentlemen of Leyrecestershir that be there most of reputation,"



and who took part in the Scotch campaigns in Henry VIII.'s time, receiving his knighthood from the King's brother-in-law, Edward Seymour, in 1543. Though twice married he had no legitimate son, and the pedigree, drawn up by Nicholls from the Visitation of 1619 and other sources, tells us that he "gave le Holt and other lands there to Blunt Nevill, his reputed son by Lucy Stavesmore." But in 1619 it is quite clear that the estate had passed to the Smyths. Sir Thomas Nevill's first wife had been a cousin—a Nevill more nearly connected with the original Raby stock than himself. By her he had a daughter, Margaret, who married Thomas Smyth of Cressing Temple in Essex, whose father had been a baron of the Exchequer. Their son was the "Sir Thomas Smyth alias Nevill of Holt" whose effigy is in the church. He was certainly in



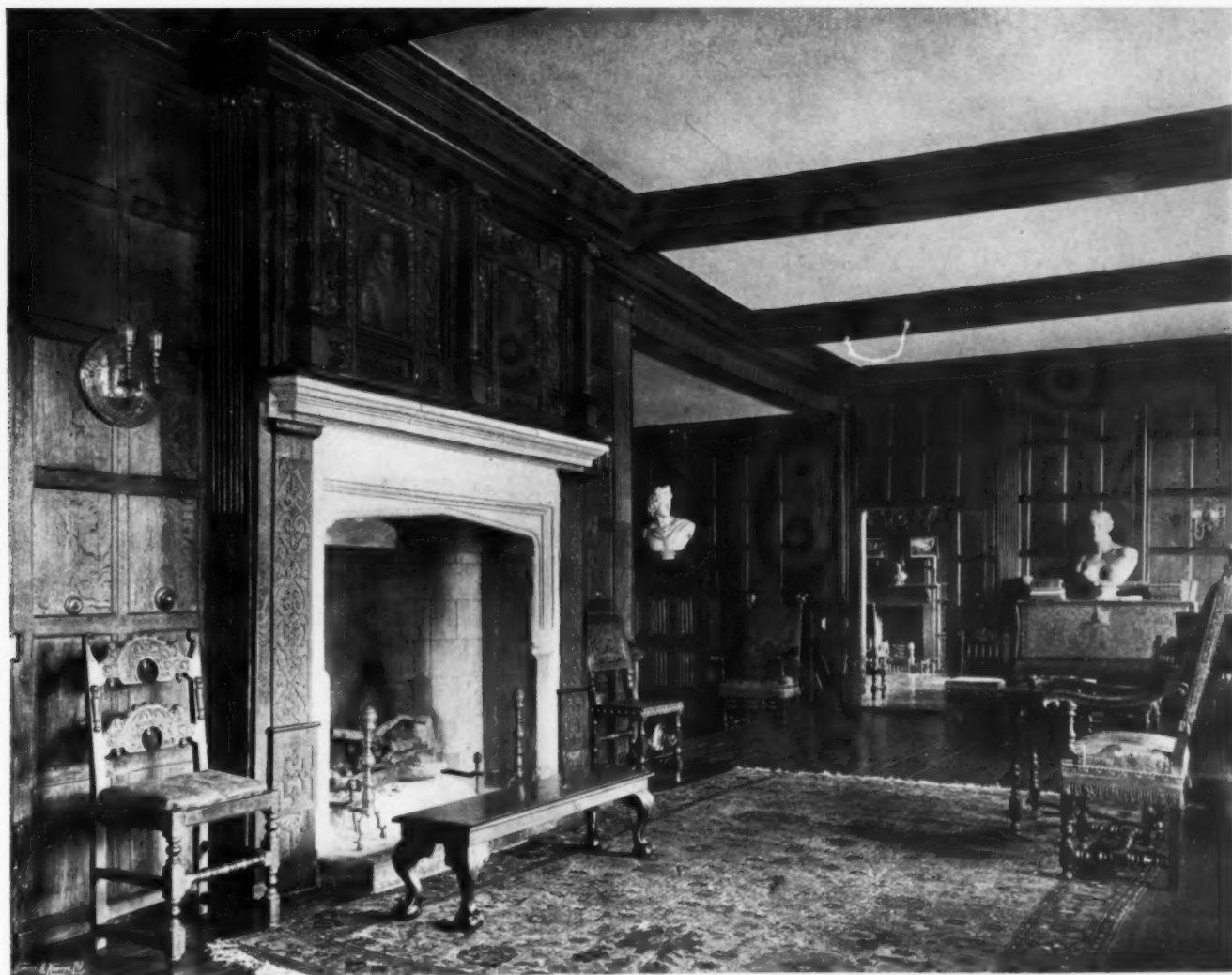
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## IN THE CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Tomb of Sir Thomas Nevill: ob. 1637, and the pulpit of his time.

possession in 1606, when he served as High Sheriff, and he lived for thirty years after that. The large quantity of original Jacobean work which is still to be found at Holt is, there ore, to be ascribed to him. As far as the exterior of the house is concerned, the only portion of his building which remains untouched is that which is called in the accompanying illustration "Cloisters on the North Front." A quintuple arcade of round arches affords a spacious loggia, over which, lighted by three four-light mullioned windows, is the large wainscotted room known as the Oak Gallery. There are also other marks of this Sir Thomas's long period of occupation. Such is the chimney-piece in the hall, and over the entrance to the church is inscribed, "Thomas Nevill of Holt, knight, built this porch at his coste Anno Domini 1635."



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## RECESS IN THE OAK GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Did he also build the very dignified and pleasant stable building? It shows that mixture of Gothic and Palladian forms which in Sir Thomas's day was affected at Oxford and occasionally used for their additions by owners of mediæval places. Much of it, and more especially the range of windows, is very similar to the "cloister" building, while the central doorway resembles Thomas Palmer's work, but is framed by pilasters and pediment which—like the cupola—might be post-Restoration. Here the heraldry helps us not at all. It is strangely eccentric. The shields quarter Nevill of Raby with Bishopsdon. This arrangement likewise appears on one of the hatchments in the church, but there is no mention of which member of the family used it.

Passing away in March, 1637, Sir Thomas avoided the disturbed times which were to weigh upon his son and grandson. Both Henry Nevill and his eldest son William were colonels in the Royal army in 1644, and a younger son was also fighting for the King. The "delinquency" of the family was therefore serious in the eyes of the victorious Parliamentarians, and £6,000 was demanded of the father as composition for the sequestered estates; nor was any mitigation allowed, except that the son should be included in the composition, on the plea that their whole estate, in which the father had but a life interest, was not worth above £3,000 per annum. We find "Colonel Nevill of Holt" included in the list of the proposed Knights of the Royal



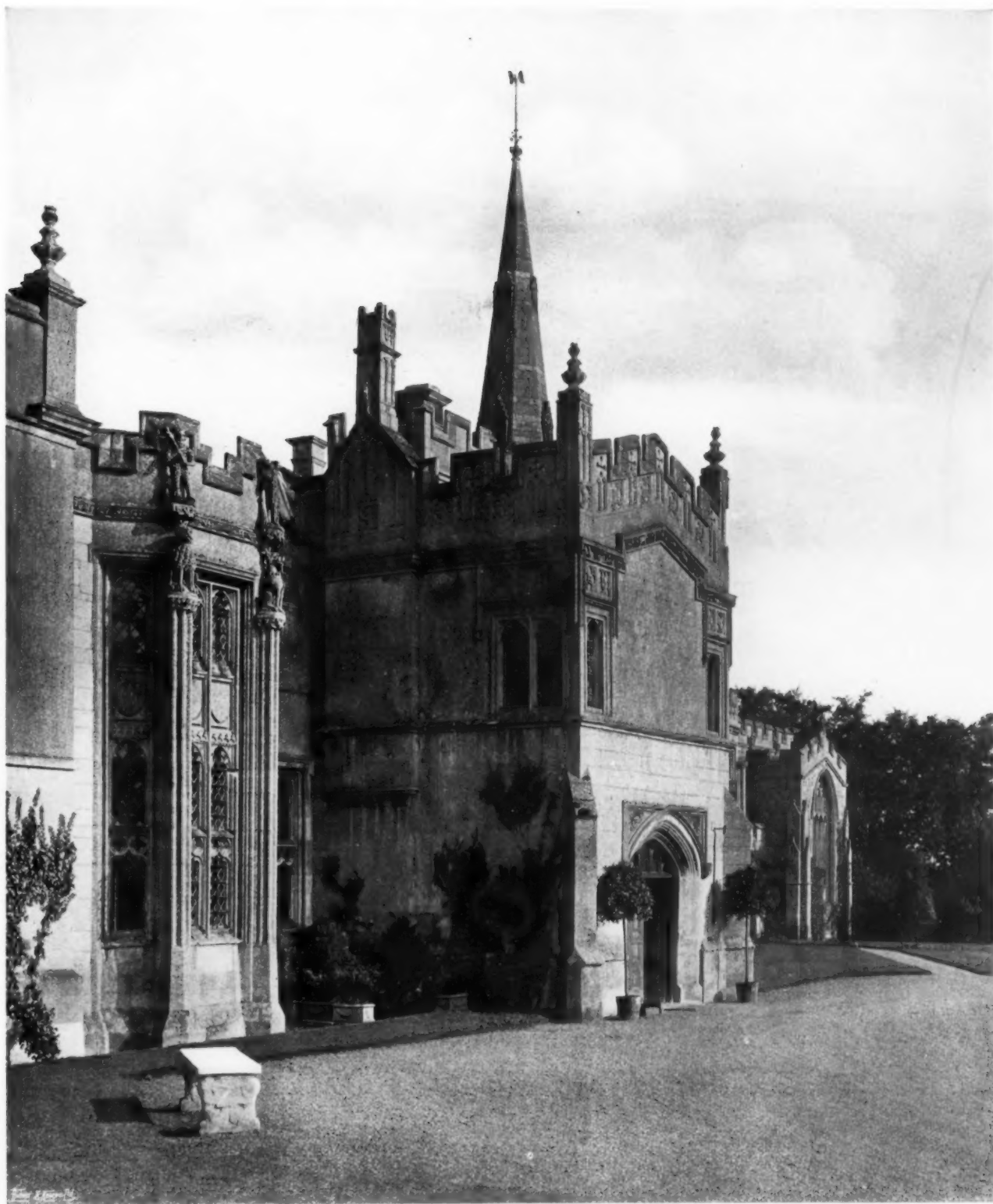
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THOMAS PALMER'S PORCH AND ORIEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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FRONT ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Oak, but, as that order never came into being, this was a most empty recognition of his own and his father's sufferings for the Royal cause. He is returned in the list as having £2,000 a year in land—as large a fortune as any possessed by the Leicestershire gentlemen who had been chosen out for this intended honour. But in reality the Civil Wars had brought the family finances to so low an ebb that an Act of Parliament had to be obtained to enable the trustees to sell "certain manors lands and tenements in the counties of York and Leicester," and so pay off the debts of both father and son. This measure seems to have had the desired effect, and the period of peace and prosperity that followed enabled the successors of Henry Nevill—who died in 1665—to carry out large building operations at Holt. His son William and his grandson Henry held the estates until 1728, but the exact date on which the latter succeeded the former does not appear on the pedigree. The character of some of the remaining work at Holt, however, may be placed as of the time of William III. or Queen Anne. The plate of Holt in Nicholls's "Leicestershire," dated 1795, shows that a large part of the south elevation then had sash windows—replaced later on by

the present ones of imitative Gothic design—and a few such yet remain on the north side, the keystones and architraves of which may well be of about the year 1700—a date when the ceiling of the hall and the painting of its cove with gods and goddesses would also have been undertaken. Moreover, the illustration of the interior of the hall oriel shows that it did not quite escape. Luckily its windows and its roof remained untouched, but its walls were refaced in stone formed into panels of the size and type which prevailed at the time of which we speak. Then, also, the porch pinnacles will have been accephalated and Palladian vases or urns set on them and on other corners of the house, such as they appear both in the 1795 print and in the photographs of to-day.

As in 1589 the male line of Nevill expired, so in 1728 did that of Smyth. Henry Nevill's daughter Mary "became the wife of Cosmas Migliorucci, a native of Italy, and a Polish count." But, living till he was eighty-five years old, Henry Nevill buried his son-in-law a year before he died himself, and was succeeded by his grandson, who, dropping the Italian name and assuming that of his mother's family, was known as Cosmas



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CLOISTERS ON THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WEST FRONT OF THE OLD STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





HOLT'S (NEVILL HOLT) IN 1795.

Henry Joseph Nevill. He was succeeded by three sons in turn, and it is in the year when the third followed the second in possession that we find a date which indicates another access of building activity. It is 1782, and appears on a rain-water head. It was the time of the supremacy of Robert Adam, and we may see evidence of his influence at Holt. Where, just west of the hall oriel, a new "Elizabethan" bay window now appears, there was in 1795 one of the composite "Venetian" windows of three divisions below and a semi-circular light above which Robert Adam specially affected for his large rooms. Inside the work of his day remains, and a great bedroom has very fine plaster-work on its coved ceiling. The large dining-room, which is at the back of the hall, has the same shaped ceiling, but the work in it may be a little later, for it is slightly influenced by the Empire style. Again, a coved ceiling of this same curve, then so fashionable, appears in the gallery bedroom which is illustrated. But this ceiling has now lost its classic character, and ornamental plaster-work in the Gothic style has been substituted. This is the room that had in 1795 the three-sided bay window supported on columns seen in the engraving. Sir Bache Cunard replaced this in 1882 by a copy of the old hall oriel. It is very handsome, but the student of architecture may learn from a careful study of the original and of the copy how difficult it is for the modern workman, however skilled, to realise the spirit, the form and the touch which animate mediæval ornament.

Great alterations have been gradually made in the house since Sir Bache Cunard came into possession. He has carefully preserved and given full value to the original Gothic and Jacobean work, and he has added a good deal in the latter style. Such is the old woodwork introduced into the east dining-room;

wainscotting, chimney-piece and furniture all tell of early seventeenth century days. But the great silver fox records a recent moment in Sir Bache's career. The moment came when this popular M.F.H. thought he must rest on his laurels, and the fox is the outward mark of the warm appreciation of his Mastership felt by every member of the Hunt. T.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### ALPINE FLOWERS UNDER GLASS.

A PHASE of gardening that has not been much considered is the growing of alpine plants under glass. Of course, one prefers to see them in the rock garden, the *Aubrietia* draping the stones with purple and the *Alyssum* making clouds of yellow during the spring months. But early in the year, when cold winds whistle through the tree tops, making a visit to the rock garden unpleasant, one may enjoy the alpine gems in comfort under glass. I believe this way of bringing the flowers closer to one's self originated in the Royal Gardens, Kew. The alpine house there is a place known as the herbaceous garden, being the home of many rare species and varieties. As Mrs. Davidson mentions in her excellent book, "The Unheated Greenhouse," the simplest form of this type of house is to be found at Kew. It is nothing more than a low span-roofed glass-house, 40ft. long by 9ft. wide, with flat stages on each side of a narrow gangway, and has no heating apparatus of any kind. It is provided, however, with shading to temper sun-heat, should it prove too powerful, as it often does, in early spring. There, throughout the winter and



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NEVILL HOLT OF TO-DAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

spring months, a succession of low-growing plants and bulbs indigenous to the alpine districts of all parts of the globe may be seen in happier circumstances and in better flower than would be possible out of doors in our changeable climate. A large proportion of such plants perfect their growth rapidly during the short but strong summer heat of their native habitats, and are almost ready to burst into flower again when their progress is arrested, sometimes quite early in autumn, by a thick fall of snow, which tucks them up safely for their long winter sleep. Anyone who has had experience, for example, of a Canadian spring will understand the sudden transformation from the winter shroud of snow to gay, green woods and plains enamelled with flowers. Transplant the denizens of such climates to our sea-girt Britain, and, so far from being happier, they are sore bewildered and tried beyond endurance by the alternations of mildness and rigour to which they are subjected; and we who try to cultivate rare and beautiful species under these altered conditions too often meet with disappointment. Under the protection of a simple glass roof, however, the want of the snow coverlet is not so much felt, and such plants can go on, without any check from wind or weather, to perfect their pure, stainless flowers. It is a rare delight to see the flowers in their freshness under glass. I well remember a wintry day last

and interesting—I. Heldreichii, Histrio, histrioides, bakeriana, Daufordiae and Tauri. I was recently shown a potful of Iris reticulata that had been grown throughout in a cottage window, and the majority of the same class are as amenable. As the authoress referred to well says in her delightful book, no more fascinating branch could be taken up by the enthusiastic amateur than the furnishing of an alpine house, for six months of the year, from November till May, providing occupation for the summer and enjoyment for the winter. The form of it, besides, may be varied, for another arrangement which can be adopted for the alpine house is a permanent rock garden under glass, the lights being so put together that they may be entirely removed during the summer. Evergreen Ferns of low stature, some of the dwarf Vacciniums and Gaultheria, and other suitable greenery might here be grouped, intervening spaces being left with a view to the introduction of plants in flower in their season from outside frames. Such an alpine house, which may be larger or smaller according to circumstances, would make as charming a winter garden as could well be devised. C.

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A BEAUTIFUL WITCH HAZEL (HAMAMELIS MOLLIS).

ALTHOUGH this plant has only been in general cultivation about ten years, it has been grown in the Coombe Wood Nursery of Messrs. Veitch for a much



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SOUTHEAST FRONT: NEVILL HOLT.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

year, when a keen easterly wind was blowing, but with the flowers as company the unpleasant weather was forgotten. There were pantuls of the little hardy Cyclamens—*C. ibericum*, *C. Coum* and others, *Hyacinthus azureus*, the Winter Aconites (*Eranthis hyemalis* and *E. cilicus*), *Adonis amurensis* and one of the earliest and most beautiful of the Rockfoils (*Saxifraga burseriana*) and its larger-flowered form called major. Both of the last-mentioned are easily grown in pans, the dense tufts snowed over with white flowers, which seem whiter still through the soft pink colour of the stems. The smaller *Saxifragas* are a sheet anchor to those who "garden" under glass. The primrose-coloured flowers of *S. apiculata* are a sweet foil to those of *S. burseriana*, and there are the Snowdrops, Daffodils, Windflowers or Anemones, the varied-coloured *A. blanda* in particular, and the Irises.

The scent of Violets seems to fill the house; it comes from potfuls of *Iris reticulata*, also known as the Netted Iris, a flower as deep in colour as the wayside wilding that breathes its fragrance into the spring winds. Most of the early Irises are beautiful

longer period, for it was sent home about 1880 by Mr. Maries when collecting for that firm. It easily takes the foremost place among the species and varieties of *Hamamelis* in cultivation for ornamental purposes, while it is quite as hardy as other sorts and, if anything, a shrub of stronger growth. It is easily distinguished from other species by the tomentose character of the bark on shoots from one to two years of age, its large tomentose leaves and hooked instead of twisted petals. The flowers are borne a week or two in advance of those of *H. arborea*, another showy species, and the petals are rather paler in colour. The expanded blossoms have a delicious fragrance which reminds one strongly of Primroses or Cowslips. It can be propagated by means of layers or by grafting on to stocks of *H. virginica*, the North American Witch Hazel. Light, well-drained loamy soil suits it well, and when once established it grows fairly rapidly. Left untouched it forms a spreading bush; if, however, attention is given to pruning it can be made to assume the habit of a small tree. Those who wish to possess a beautiful golden-flowered shrub to bloom during January will find what they require in this plant. W. D.

THE PARROTIA PERSICA.

I have received flowering twigs of this interesting and beautiful little-known tree from Mr. Anthony Waterer of the Knaphill Nursery, Woking.



One thinks more of the glorious coloured foliage in autumn than of the little crimson clusters of flowers that appear at this season of the year. They are thick on the leafless stems and seem to glow in the winter sunshine. The Parrotia is popularly known as the Iron Tree, and belongs to the same family of shrubs as the Wych Hazel (*Hamamelis*), now smothered with golden bloom. It was introduced from Persia in 1848, and grows to a height of about 10ft. One who takes much interest in trees and shrubs writes thus of the Parrotia: "This is one of the many things which at its introduction, and for some little time after, was grown under glass. Experience, however, having shown this to be unnecessary, Parrotia persica has been since used in the South and South-West of England at least to enrich our shrubberies rather than the greenhouse. It is still a comparatively rare

shrub, but may be strongly recommended to the notice of planters because of the brilliant autumn colour of its foliage. The leaves are a glowing crimson about one-third of the way down from the top, the remainder being a bright yellow with a touch of green towards the base, a peculiarity that may vary a little on different soils, but is fairly constant. It does best with a little shelter in some corner of the pleasure-ground, with a screen of trees and shrubs to the north and east. Strong, healthy plants are most quickly obtained from layers. This Parrotia is not particular as to soil, that is, so far as growth is concerned; but, as already mentioned, this has its influence on the autumn colouring of the foliage." The first time I saw this tree was in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and in autumn; the splendour of the dying foliage attracted my attention—a mass of crimson and gold. V.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**A** RE-ISSUE in three volumes of a popular edition of Sir Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library* (Smith, Elder) will no doubt lead to many attempts to "place" a man who has not long gone from us and who, in his day, held an unquestionably high position as an editor, a critic and a figure in the literary society of his time. He tells us in his essay on Dr. Johnson that

The whole art of criticism consists in learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his spoken or his written words.

Let us try to apply this test to his own work. A characteristic of this work is the slight attention given to poetry, the highest of all forms of literature. Sir Leslie Stephen does not seem to have been much attracted to the poets, and those he selected were either dull in themselves or he approached them by the way of ethics or by some other avenue that prevented him from considering their work as pure and absolute poetry. He did not hunger or thirst, as Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve did, for the immortal passage, the passage which Arnold told us to keep in heart and mind as a touchstone wherewith to try all verse. Of the ten essays that go to make up the first volume nine are devoted to prose writers and the tenth to "Pope as a Moralist." It is not an ungracious appreciation, but the writer makes no attempt to describe or analyse the technique of one who was a master of his craft. He ends by quoting that "noble strain of eloquence," the "Universal Prayer." The essay could not have been written by one to whom "the vision and faculty divine" was the greatest of gifts. Of an equal number of papers in the second volume, three are devoted to poetry. As in all the author's work, the subject is dealt with very thoroughly, but is essentially prosaic. It is only by his rhymes that Crabbe claims to be a poet. As Stephen admits, "He never takes us into the regions of the loftier imagination." In Massinger he finds the material for a very similar study. Coleridge said very properly that his style is "poetry differentiated by the smallest possible degree from prose." Sir Leslie Stephen had a great susceptibility to the rumours of changing opinion, and had he been alive to-day would probably have agreed with the spreading belief that the glamour with which Lamb invested the minor Elizabethans is fading away. He tells us that in Chapman's words the sails of Massinger's verse are not "filled with a lusty wind," and the discourse, as a matter of fact, is on morals and history. So again it is the philosophical thinker rather than the literary critic who discourses on the ethics of Wordsworth. The plan and the essay is summarised in the following extract:

His poetry wears well because it has a solid substance. He is a prophet and a moralist as well as a mere singer. His ethical system, in particular, is as distinctive and capable of systematic exposition as that of Butler. By endeavouring to state it in plain prose we shall see how the poetical power implies a sensitiveness to ideas which, when extracted from the symbolical embodiment, fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought.

We cannot think that much is gained by discussing such famous passages as "trailing clouds of glory did they come" or "Nature never yet betrayed the hear, that loved her." Lord Morley did it once and for all in an essay that gave full expression to the school of thought which appealed as much to him as to Sir Leslie Stephen. But it matters little. The scientific knowledge of to-day may be superseded to-morrow. An average student at King's College, London, knows more than did Galileo, but exquisite literary expression never fades or becomes old. "Our little life is rounded by a sleep" sums up the human case to-day as effectually as it did when written. The important thing about Wordsworth lies not in his beliefs and his ethics, but in the addition he made to that handful of immortal passages which represents the best that all the poets have written from the days of Job to our own. In his paper on Cowper and Rousseau, Stephen is not tempted to deal with these great and lofty themes. The third volume contains only two discourses on poetry, one on Gray and his school, the other on Godwin and Shelley.

A larger amount of space is devoted to the novelists. Here, too, we find illustrated the painstaking method of the critic, and his style possesses a lightness, charm and allusiveness that cannot but delight the reader of literary taste. Usually it is not fair to criticise an author upon what is left undone, but one cannot help wishing that he had devoted a few pages to a speculation as to what form imaginative prose is likely to take in the future. Signs are abundant that the novel in its present form is becoming a bore and a weariness to the intelligent. Its rival is autobiography. Stephen was not altogether blind to this when he said that "the mildew of time is coming over the Waverley novels," and laments that it takes a very loud and clear voice to be heard in the fourth generation. We cannot accept his view about Scott in particular. It is ill founded. He attaches too much importance to the opinion of Thomas Carlyle, in whom, when he wrote his famous essay, was rankling the memory that Scott had not answered his letter. Professor Freeman again could not "explode Ivanhoe." Let it be granted to his pedantic soul that it gives no accurate account of life in Saxon times, that Cedric and Wamba his jester and Gurth his swineherd, the Knight Templars and nobles, outlaws, clerks and great ecclesiastics are dressed like figures in a fancy ball, the greatness of Sir Walter is not thereby impugned. They are without exception authentic human personages, and could not have been created except by one who was distinguished as only half-a-dozen or so have been in the history of the world, for the sense and moderation, the wisdom, kindness and justice with which he saw and depicted his fellow-men. And Freeman, as an historian, owed a great debt of gratitude to Sir Walter Scott for showing him and his fellow-workers that the past, in Carlyle's words, was not peopled by abstractions drawn from protocols, State papers, controversies. Sir Leslie Stephen, who seems to have considered himself specially called upon to teach morals, draws a comparison between Scott and Carlyle, to the advantage of the latter because he had a "message." The truth is probably the other way about. It is the man without a message who is invariably the greater artist. Scott wrote for money, and for the same reason Shakespeare wrote his plays. He tried to paint life truly, and whoever has succeeded in doing that may safely leave his readers to draw their own moral. We cannot help thinking that Sir Leslie Stephen was more at home in the eighteenth century than in any other period. The best piece of criticism in the book is the essay on Fielding's novels. He points out with perfect truth that while Dickens was of the tribe of Smollett, Thackeray was of the tribe of Fielding. It was the custom of both to bring a great deal of personality into their work. Thackeray's own simile was that he was the showman and the characters of his novels were the puppets. Continually he was explaining why they did this and why they did that, and continually he put words into their mouth. The attitude was closely similar to that of Fielding, whose person as narrator is never absent from his novels. His figure, that of a philosopher who laughs in Rabelais's chair, dominates the whole narrative. It was quite otherwise with Sir Walter, who forgets himself entirely. You hear Fielding reporting the speech of his people, but in the Waverley novels the people speak themselves. Stephen is appreciative of Fielding, and yet perfectly just to him. With a charitable eye he sees that the fine qualities both of mind and heart with which he had been endowed at birth were coarsened to some extent by the wild and dissipated life which he led. There must have been a considerable lack of fastidiousness in the man who admitted Lady Ballaston to a place in the novel. Fielding's limitations are well known. He was not a poet, and his young men and maidens were not of the type which breathe forth passion like that of Romeo and Juliet. Rather he had passed through those stages, and chronicles the doings of his people with a kindly and indulgent eye, not as one who evokes a passion-swayed and turbulent past. Another model piece of criticism is that on De-foe. It has become customary of recent years to look upon "Robinson Crusoe" as a fluke on the part of the author, who was not artistic in the best sense of the word. But those who think that

will do well to return to these *Hours in a Library*, where they will find a clear and satisfying analysis of the qualities of mind that D-fos possessed. They are rather abruptly summarised as showing a mastery of the art of lying: "He had the most amazing talent on record for telling lies." This mere crude statement, however, would be misleading to anyone who had not read the essay and had come to understand clearly what meaning Stephen himself attached to the phrase.

#### A BOOK OF ANECDOTE.

**Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman**, by W. B. Woodgate. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THERE is many a good story in the book of Mr. W. B. Woodgate, and many a good race is recounted; but it is to be doubted whether there is any better than that of the butchers and the bullocks at a certain Henley Regatta. No doubt it is not quite fair to the really good sporting record to give pride of place to this, which is of the nature of comedy, if not of farce; but it is of the essence of this good book which Mr. Woodgate has compiled that the author is able to see the humour even of such a grave thing as a Varsity Boat Race. He sees the sport in which he is principally interested, and all sport, with a very human eye. There is nothing about his outlook of the sporting prig. It has been said, with what precision only one who has the statistics very firmly in his head could tell us, that Mr. Woodgate never has been wrong in his prognostications of the winner of the great boat-race, and since he has been prognosticating for so many years this seems to savour of the supernatural. Some Oxford men may know, but all do not, though all ought to, that it is to Mr. Woodgate that Vincent's Club owes its start. A *propos* of Vincent's, though the association is obvious only on reading the narrative in the book, Mr. Woodgate gives an account of Mr. Rarey's horse-taming performance exhibited in Oxford. There are many good Oxford stories in the book. Mr. Woodgate was a friend of Louker the dog-dealer in "Verdant Green," sometimes styled "Filthy Lucre," also of Charley Symonds, who let out horses for the undergraduates. He ascribes to John Day, Symonds's head-man of that time, the original description of "Mighty," or "Mitey," Frere, as the "tossiest man on foot and the footiest man on a 'oss." This Frere was graded with such long feet that when a horse went rather placidly with him the same humorist suggested that the animal probably thought he was between the shafts. This peculiarity, of course, gives special point to the jest (now hackneyed) about "the footiest man." A story which Mr. Woodgate tells of himself bears evidence to his great strength and staying power, which helped to make him the oarsman that he was, though this was a "dry-hob" feat. "For a foolish bet of a sovereign," as he says, he walked in dress clothes and boots from 10, Bury Street in London to Oxford, starting after dinner and arriving about 11 a.m. on the Thursday in Passion Week just as the faithful were going to church. About Nancham he had to bind up his torn dress boots with strips of his handkerchief. Yet he was so fit that for bravado he sculled to Nancham Black Bridge and back on the day of his arrival in Oxford. If anyone opens this book, as he is very likely to do, with an idea, not unnatural from the associations with which the name of the writer is bound up, that he is going to read repeated accounts of boat-races he will be surprised, but he will be scarcely humiliated if he is disappointed. It commences in a rather autobiographical fashion reminiscent in its subjects of Tom Brown's school-days; but it is really a book of anecdote rather than anything else, and of anecdotes very well worth the telling and the reading; and if some have been heard before, that is only to say that others have also found them worth the telling. But Mr. Woodgate tells them at first hand. He "lived" the stories that he tells, and those others have sometimes narrated them "obliquely," as the Classics say. There are some illustrations of houses connected with the story, or the stories, and of boats' crews, notably of that Eight of "Old Blues," stroked by the author, with Time as cox., and from 7 to bow—Lord Escher, Lord Macnaghten, Bishop J. R. Selwyn, Lord Justice Crichton, Colonel T. Willan, Lord Cloncurry and Lord Justice A. L. Smith. Of these, 7, 5, 4 and bow have all now fallen to the dread cox-wain's scythe. Mr. Woodgate, when not in a boat or on a horse, was at the Bar, and many of his anecdotes are culled from the learned leisure of gentlemen of the wig and gown. It is inevitable, in spite of the author's obvious aim to keep the sporting interest in its proper place in this very human picture, that he should give, in passing, many reflections on the style and quality as oarsmen of some of the multitude whose performances he has watched with such just appreciation, and these will make their special appeal to all who are interested in rowing; but it does not need to be an oar-man to enjoy this book, which touches life at so many points and always with a humorous and kindly pen. The index itself is rather a remarkable document, showing of how many men of note the writer has some tale, and always one worth relating, to recount.

#### VANISHED ALTARS.

**Ruined and Deserted Churches**, by Lucy Beedham. (Eliot Stock.)

CERTAINLY a building with a roof on is preferable to a building with a roof off. It was need of roofage that originally set primitive man a-building, and the absence of that feature stamps a structure not merely with utilitarian inadequacy, but also with artistic incompleteness. I therefore prefer a repaired church to one that is ruined—provided only that its continued use and upkeep has not been more destructive to its original features than its neglect and desertion. That, in these days, is a most important reservation, for "killed by kindness" is a label that should be set up over the entrance of most of our ancient fanes. With the best intentions, but with the worst of taste, they have been very expensively made utterly uninteresting, unhistorical, unpicturesque and unsympathetic. That is why the excellently selected and reproduced illustrations in Miss Beedham's *Ruined and Deserted Churches* are really enjoyable to look at. Besides, many of them have their roofs on, though whether they are water-tight is a practical detail which I will not spoil a moment of æsthetic expansion by dwelling upon. Some, at least, must be moderately impervious to rain, for they are used as barns. That may imply a drop in the ecclesiastical social scale, but it is one which has its

compensations. A church used as a barn is assuredly a more satisfying building and retains more of its old self than one "completely restored by an eminent architect," as the Press jauntily describes the handsome ecclesiastical edifices which the Established Church expects me to enter with thanksgiving. I confess they have the opposite effect upon me, and I should prefer to offer up my modest and private prayer in the company of the cows who now tenant the Norman chapel of Isleham Priory in Cambridgeshire. Perhaps I should be even happier at Whittlesford, in the same county, for the well-buttressed walls of the Old Hospital Chapel there are surmounted by a grand and dignified roof of thatch, and the "goodly supply of pea sticks" which formed its chief furnishing when Miss Beedham paid her visit would be far more congenial to me, and produce a far more reverential and altruistic feeling within me, than the Minton tiles and varnished pitch pine benches which are my vicar's pride. But if the horrors of this "age of progress" ever drive me to emulate the hermit of old, I think I shall seek to obtain for my cell the little, deserted, half-ruinous Michaelchurch in Herefordshire, which "stands in a hollow at a spot where a stream widening out into a pond mirrors the grey walls and roof upon its surface." Very little care and effort will replace those of its big mossy stone tiles that have slid off the great roof, and the tiny bellry into the lush grass or rampant ivy below. Then it will be sound enough, and its most engaging interior will suffer no further decay. It has "lancet windows and a Norman font with interlaced ornament upon it. Part of a plain screen and some oak seats remain in the chancel, but all the other fittings have been removed." No Wyatt, no Scott, no Pearson, no Caröus ever stepped through the gate, almost buried in snowberry bushes, which gives admittance to the deserted graveyard. Then it is holy ground indeed, to be trodden with reverence, to be guarded with care. These are engaging thoughts, and Miss Beedham's well illustrated and pleasantly written little book is a joy and a solace, and those who can feel should read it.

#### A ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

**Tono-Bungay**, by H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)

MR. WELLS reckons his last and greatest book as, strictly speaking, only his third novel—the other two being "Kipps" and "Love and Mr. Lewisham"—and it certainly contains a great deal of human interest and remarkably little about aeroplanes. It is chiefly a romance of modern commerce, telling the story of how an obscure country chemist managed to become the injurious patent medicine the sonorous name of which lends its title to the book, and with its aid to become a great financier. The story is told by George Ponderevo, the financier's nephew, and is as clearly divided into different stages as is the life of any man of strong character. George's first impressions are of the great country mansion of which his mother is the housekeeper. Here he observes "the country house system," as Mr. Wells delights to call it, from outside and yet also from close quarters; and here, in his relations with two children of the great house—Archie Garvell and Beatrice Normandy—he first comes into sharp contact with social distinctions. His next step is to become apprenticed to his uncle, whose shop is in the little town of Wimblehurst. With this uncle he, after some years of scientific study in London, becomes connected in the manufacture and advertisement of Tono-Bungay. The story of the rise of Tono-Bungay marks a fresh stage in the lives of the two Ponderevos; and to this period belongs George's unfortunate marriage with Marion, his brief passion for Effie Rink, one of his typists, and his divorce. The episode of his marriage is vivid, intimate and sincere. It is painfully real, and makes the reader dissatisfied with the rambling discussions, the efforts to reduce sexual problems to some sort of order, which follow. The comparative brevity with which this and most of the important scenes in the story are treated, makes one wish that Mr. Wells would be content to be less versatile, to be simply Mr. Wells the imaginative artist, and put his somewhat crude philosophy between other covers. The story, however, is compelling through the extreme reality of the characterisation. It is a long time since we have come across in a novel people so completely drawn, so entirely distinctive, such "creations" as Edward and Susan Ponderevo, Beatrice Normandy, Marion, Effie Rink and the dissolute sculptor Ewart. The book as a whole gives a curiously vivid picture of the life of the moment. The sexual discontent, the modification of the "Bladesover system," the excitement of modern commerce, even the new sport, which concerns itself with high-speed motors and dirigible flying machines, all serve to increase the effect of reality. The chief objection we have to the book is, as we have indicated, its discursiveness and volubility. All through, Mr. Wells's intention would seem to be to find out exactly where we stand, to work things out, to undo all the tangles, to find reason, orderliness and, above all, system in the quivering, pulsating jumble of passions which go to the making of our modern life. Into this book, his crowning achievement, he would seem to have put every part of his multiple personality. We have Mr. Wells the philosopher, Mr. Wells the dissatisfied Fabian, Mr. Wells the imaginative artist, Mr. Wells the unimaginative scientist, the adolescent Mr. Wells—he is all to be found in *Tono-Bungay*. The result, though apt at times to be irritating to the lover of form and technique, leaves a strong impression of sincerity.

#### A PARODY IN PROSE.

**The Heroine**, by Eaton Stannard Barrett. (Henry Frowde.)

IT is getting on for a hundred years now since the death was recorded of a brilliant young Irishman, Eaton Stannard Barrett, just when he appeared to be entering upon a diverting and brilliant literary career. The book now reprinted is certainly the most amusing of the three or four of which he was the author. It has, at any rate, youth and unconquerable high spirits from beginning to end. Its intention was to satirise the school of novelists then most in vogue. They were headed by Mrs. Radcliffe, of whom Jane Austen made such clever and pleasant fun. Mr. Barrett, as Professor Raleigh points out in the very just essay with which he prefixes the reprint, was following good example in parodying the sloppy work of his time. He did not succeed in producing a masterpiece, as Fielding did when the caricature of Pamela grew into a novel which



included Mrs. Slipslop and Parson Adams. The truth seems to be that young Barrett was so utterly carried away by the fun of the thing that he gave no attention to serious composition. When reality is developed out of parody, that parody itself becomes literature. Cervantes started "Don Quixote" chiefly with a view of ridiculing the works of chivalry, but the Don in his hands gradually assumed a strength and reality that made the satire fall into its place as mere ornament. In this book the idea of parody is more easily kept up just because it does not contain the elements of greatness which are to be found in Fielding and Cervantes. It served a good purpose at the time, and at one time it seemed that this book had killed romance, but experience proved that it had only modified it, or, rather, it had exposed one kind of bad writing only to let in another. If Mr. Barrett were living to-day, it is safe to say that he would find as much employment as ever for his witty pen.

#### AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

*Araminta*, by J. C. Smith. (Smith, Elder.)

FROM the moment when *Araminta*, fresh from a North Devon rectory, arrives at the front door of her redoubtable Aunt Caroline's house carrying a ferret in a wicker basket, even the most unsusceptible reader will be completely in love with her. The old Countess of Crewkerne (*Araminta's* aunt), her intensely-dignified *ménage* in Hill Street and her ingenious matrimonial schemes are all described in a vein of richly elaborate yet delicate humour; and *Araminta* herself, the "Gainsborough Duchess," is, as we have hinted, adorable. The adventures of this "Goose Girl" from Devonshire, who stands 6ft. high in her stockings, loves cream-buns, ferrets and hockey, make delicious reading, as does also the snoring between the two elderly eligibles, Lord Cheriton and the Duke of Brancaster, who aspire to her hand. How she settles the matrimonial problem and lives happily ever afterwards, those who come across the book will wish to find out for themselves. It is a long time since we have met with such a thoroughly amusing little comedy, and *Araminta* should find a place in every well-chosen library-list.

BY A NEW WRITER.

*The Faith of His Fathers*, by A. E. Jacomb. (Melrose.)

WE started this story with a faint prejudice against prize novels, but this prejudice the first few chapters were quite sufficient to dispel. Miss Jacomb's restrained style, and the intense human interest of her theme, made it evident that considerations of literary merit had weighed with the judges in making their choice even more than the probability of extensive sales. The subject treated by Miss Jacomb—the revolt of generous youth against a cold and repressive creed—is one of the most poignant in human life; and the story she has woven to illustrate it is curiously real. It is the sort of domestic drama which might so well be working itself out behind the white lace curtains of that house next door or in the vicarage at the end of our street. There can be no one who has not at one time or another come across similar cases of the harm and misery wrought by "the good." One of the chief merits of Miss Jacomb's work is that, unlike Mr. John Galsworthy in "The Man of Property," she is strictly just in describing the people against whom her attack, if it can be called such, is directed. She forces us to realise the many fine qualities which go to the making of the elder Atkinson; shows us, indeed,

that he is a far nobler character than the son his inflexible righteousness drives to ruin. The effect of this just and balanced view is far stronger than Mr. Galsworthy's savagery. Whereas "The Man of Property" worked the reader into a fierce loathing of the hardness and narrowness of the business man, who was so cleverly shown to be much blacker than pitch, Miss Jacomb's book forces him to consider rather "the tears of things" and the pitifulness of human misunderstandings. "The pity of it," not "the shameful of it," is the idea which runs through this successful and promising story.

#### A PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY.

*The Golden Key*, by Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall.)

IN his latest novel, Mr. Coke has broken no new ground, but gives us once again a sympathetic and penetrating study of a typical public school boy. His hero retains all the Olympian "heavy-father" qualities, which, in his sixth form days, no doubt, made him the idol of the lower school, and this in spite of the fact that he has knocked about in Oxford for four years and presumably rubbed shoulders with a varied assortment of men. When the book opens Justin Verderer is in the train for London, having said good-bye to his college for the last time. Not having developed in any way since his school days he is uneasy at the thought of plunging into the world and learning something of life at first hand. He is by way of being a misogynist, and declares, in the course of a conversation with his friend, the vapidity of which is supremely realistic, that he will never marry. Fate, however, is much too good to him, and after some years of the loneliness often salutary for the "superior" person he finds that he cannot do without the girl he has patronised and misunderstood for so many years. Marriage with Grace, however, does not educate him out of his public-school-boy habit of mind until after the poor girl has endured a good deal of silent suffering. He treats her with the good-humoured tolerance that a prefect might show to a promising fag, and though he adores her he never troubles to say so. But, finally, in a well-managed scene, his approaching fatherhood supplies the golden key to his heart and dissipates, we trust for ever, his insufferable priggishness. We ought to say at once that Mr. Coke admires his hero consumedly, but he is too good an artist not to draw him to the life. Justin Verderer is exactly the public school man of a certain type, and after studying the book the reader will be in a good position to decide whether or not it is a type which he admires. For ourselves we find it as irritating in fiction as in real life.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

*Fraternity*, by John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.)  
*Personal Recollections of Wagner*, by Angelo Neumann. (Constable.)  
*Araminta*, by T. C. Smith. (Smith, Elder.)  
*Nelson's Hardy: His Life, Letters and Friends*, by A. M. Broadley and R. G. Bartelot. (Murray.)  
*Jimbo, a Fantasy*, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan.)  
*Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases*. Translated from the French of Edmond Pottier by Bettina Kahnweiler. Preface by J. E. Harrison. (Murray.)  
*Three Plays of Shakespeare*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Harper.)  
*Under Petraia, with Some Saunterings*. (John Lane.)

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### THE UNIVERSITY SIDES.

RICHMOND was the scene of an invasion from the Universities last Saturday, Oxford being at the Old Deer Park and Cambridge at Sudbrook Park. Neither of the home sides was quite at its strongest, since several players belong to both Richmond clubs, and the task of being in two places at once proved too much for them. The Mid-Surrey side, shorn of Mr. S. H. Fry, badly needed Mr. Taylor, who was playing at Sudbrook; as it was they were rather badly beaten by Oxford, who have had a very successful career this season. Mr. Robertson-Durham and Mr. Hooman won their matches and are both formidable players; Mr. Robertson-Durham has been known for some time to be alarmingly good on his day, but Mr. Hooman has made a very distinct advance this year. He always looked a good player, and had a nice easy style, but up till this year he has been a little disappointing in actual results; now, however, he appears to have gained a lot both in power and consistency, and has all the makings of a very fine player. Of the lesser lights on the Oxford side Mr. de Patron seems to be the best, or at least the most striking player; a golfer who can halve matches after being six down at the turn and win them after being four down makes a most uncomfortable opponent. While Oxford have been doing well, Cambridge so far have been disappointing. Mr. Hammond Chambers, their captain, is a very good player on his day, but his day does not come often enough; possibly his hard-hitting style needs more practice than he gets at Cambridge, and he is likely to play a great deal better after a few days of regular play on a seaside course. The next two players on the side, Mr. Macdonna and Mr. Ulyat, are as a rule conspicuous for steadiness rather than brilliance, but they have hardly done as well as they should so far, while Mr. Hemmant, a player of great possibilities, has not quite fulfilled the promise of his school-boy days. The team as a whole is sure to be playing better by April 21st, and if there is any superiority on the side of Oxford it is probably not nearly so great as it now appears.

#### GOLF AT PAU.

It is rather a curious thing that the popularity of golf seems to be on the wane at Pau, which has one of the oldest golf clubs in the world and one of the

best inland courses. It is in some ways unique in its advantages, for the Plain of Billères, lying low, with the Pyrenees not far off and lesser hills close about it, is singularly windless. Mr. Wilbur Wright has been, on that account, remarkably well advised to choose this spot for his aeroplaning experiments. He certainly has much the better of us in our windy island for flights in a machine which, rather like the golf ball, is apt to be grievously afflicted by the gales. Yet at Pau, in spite of its golfing opportunities and traditions, the numbers of the golfers appear to decrease. The fact is that, what with the rivalry of Biarritz and other causes, the Englishman is not resorting to Pau as he used to. The English Club is much more French than it used to be, and the Frenchman (after all, is he not in his native country?) is taking the place of the Briton in Pau generally. There are many parts of the world (at Le Touquet, for instance, the numbers of the French members of the club show constant increase) where the native French seem to be taking to the game diligently; but it does not appear to be so at Pau, where riding and hunting have a greater vogue. Considering the steady spread of the game along the Riviera and elsewhere in France, it is rather curious to find this exceptional case where all is so much in the golfer's favour.

#### THE HAREWOOD DOWNS COURSE.

I am afraid that the good fortunes which really ought to await the Harewood Downs course have been retarded by opening it before the turf was ready. I only saw the course "before it was made," like the roads of the celebrated General Wade, but heard rumours that when it was declared open it was not quite in proper condition for golf. However, it appears that it has now been taken in hand again and good results are expected. It is all a matter with this particular course of getting the turf in order, for the natural undulations of the ground lend themselves very kindly to the golfer's purposes and it has a fine situation. I know nothing whatever about soils, but it looks as if it ought to grow good turf.

#### "SOME BEES."

It is always an anxious moment when a conscientious enquirer approaches you with a question beginning "What is the rule when—?" You never know what may be coming. Sometimes it is an enquiry of such infantile

simplicity that you can solve him his riddle right away, but at others you would need to be a very Oedipus of ingenuity to help him—and this in spite of all the labours of the Rules of Golf Committee. The latest with which I have been honoured belongs to the latter class, and arose in the course of a match of some importance—the final tie of a tournament at Mid-Surrey, last summer. A gale had broken a big bough from one of the fine elms, and as it happened the bough was occupied by a nest of bees. It must have been a large nest, for the caddie, who informed me of the occurrence, affirmed that they took from it afterwards 40lb. of honey and, as he said, "there *was* some bees." It was before the taking of the honey, but subsequent to the fall of the bough, which, no doubt, had excited the insects to a considerable frenzy, that in the course of the match in question, one of the players, by a shot that was really not extraordinarily erratic, sent his ball well into the danger zone of the distressed bees. This then was not a lost ball, for there it was, patent for all the world to see, and yet no man with an ordinary skin could go and play it, unless he had happened to bring with him his bridal veil or some protective and diaphanous covering of the kind. Is it not just like the incompetence of those miserable men, the members of the Rules of Golf Committee, that they should have made no law to meet a simple case like this?

#### THE AMATEUR IN BILLIARDS.

Those who are looking to the definition of the amateur in other games for assistance in framing the best possible definition of the amateur in golf will not, it is to be feared, find help in the definition of a billiard amateur as put forward by the Billiards Control Club. Their definition of the amateur is "one who plays from love of the game rather than for profit; who follows it as a pastime, and not as a profession." It is not for us to criticise this as a form of words which may meet the case for which it is designed, but it is certainly a little too vague and general for application to golf.

#### THE ACCOMMODATION AT WESTWARD HO!

The spring of the year is at hand, and the time when delegates for the amateur championship will be called on to consider that most vexatious question of the "rota," its alteration, its relinquishment, or whatever the ultimate conclusion may be. In this connection it may be well to call attention to the conditions, in regard to access and accommodation, of the much-improved course at Westward Ho! which has, perhaps, first claim for consideration in the event of any change. No one pretends that it is not a links well worthy of the great occasion, but there exists a delusive idea as to its remoteness and the nature and extent of the accommodation. By train leaving London at 3.30 p.m. the traveller reaches Bideford before 9 p.m., that is to say, in time for a late dinner, and he can return by an eight o'clock train in the morning which lands him in London at 2 p.m. From the North he would not go *via* London, but more directly by way of the Severn tunnel. If he elects to stay in Bideford itself, where the accommodation is ample and hotels good, fifteen minutes in a light railway train puts him at the door of the clubhouse. But there is no need for him to stay so far off. At Westward Ho! itself there are lodging-houses and hotels which give the golfer as good fare and housing as he can want. In fact, of present championship courses, one only, St. Andrews, has any advantage over Westward Ho! in this regard. Of the rest, perhaps, none is quite equally convenient, and certainly Muirfield is much less so. If this was properly recognised, much of the objection now urged against Westward Ho! by those who do not know what they are talking about must vanish.

#### MR. HILTON.

It will be good news for everyone, except perhaps the members of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, who will have to play against him at Easter, that Mr. Hilton is playing very good golf over Hoylake just now. That Mr. Hilton should have partially lost his form for the last year or two has been a loss to the whole golfing world, or, at least, that part of it which rejoices in watching golf as it should be played. It is not too much to say that there is no one who appears to have quite the same control over the ball; Mr. Hilton in good form, and with a favourite spoon in his hand, seems to have the ball tethered at the end of a long string, where he will juggle with it to the amazement of the spectator, now making it turn from left to right, now from right to left, finally to sit down with a self-satisfied little thud some 6ft. or 8ft. from the hole. We shall need all our champions this year to defend us against the formidable Mr. Travers, who is coming to invade us from America, and so there is no year in which we should be better pleased to see one of the very greatest of them all in his best form again.

#### THE WINNING OF CHAMPIONSHIPS.

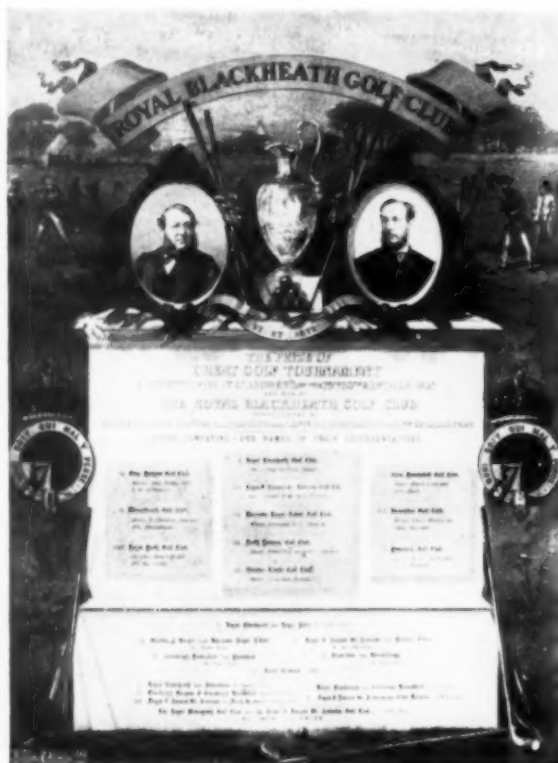
This rumour of Mr. Hilton's fine play is a premonitory symptom of the beginning of the championship season. Each year, as the evenings grow longer and it becomes possible to practise iron shots after tea, a rumour is spread abroad that "So-and-so is playing a great game nowadays, and will go very near to winning the amateur championship." The championship is a long time off yet, and most people, who can go on and off their games many times in one month, will be apt to treat lightly prophecies as to an event which is three months ahead. There is, however, more in them than

meets the eye, because there is nothing more likely to give a golfer that most valuable asset, an untroubled confidence, than a long series of steady rounds played through the winter months; therefore, when we hear these stories from a trustworthy source in February, we may expect to find the subject of them able to rely upon his game, as far as it is humanly possible, in May, and to be able to rely upon one's game not to break down hopelessly in half the battle. Another way of winning championships is to play abominably badly up to the last available minute and then jump into form in the nick of time. The golfer who thus begins to hit the ball, when he had almost given up all hope of doing so, enjoys the game so intensely; he walks upon air and strikes the stars with his uplifted head. And this, with certain reservations, is a fine mood for the winning of matches. There are one or two historic instances of a player thus finding his form on a sudden and proceeding to carry all before him. Mr. Travis, though he had been some little time in England, could do no right till he got to Sandwich, where, as we all know to our cost, he could do no wrong, at least on the putting green. Mr. Laidlay, too, won one of his championships on the top of a spell of utterly bad play; in sheer despair he took to holding his driver at the bottom of the leather, and finding this act as a complete faith cure, he has held it so ever since.

#### TWO OLD-TIME TOURNAMENTS AT ST. ANDREWS.

By F. KINLOCH.

IT is the fashion nowadays in some quarters to "crab" the Royal and Ancient as being far too conservative and hard to move. Whether that be true of the present day or not, it is, at any rate, certain that it is chiefly to the R. and A. that the credit belongs of instituting the first open amateur tournament that was ever played. This took place at St. Andrews in 1857 and was open to all golf clubs. They were to be represented by two members, play being by foursomes. The trophy was won by the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, whose chosen representatives were Mr. George Glennie and Captain Stewart of Farnacloch. The following year conditions were altered; the tournament was open to all amateurs being members of clubs. This was, in fact, the first amateur championship, and was won by the late Mr. Robert Chambers. After 1858, for some reason apparently unknown, these amateur golfing gatherings ceased until the Royal Liverpool Golf Club revived the idea in 1885. The tournament of 1857 was called "The Grand National Golf Club Tournament," and was competed for by fourteen clubs. Proceedings were, to modern notions, leisurely, for only one set of matches was played each day, play not beginning till noon. On the other hand, the trial was more prolonged, the curious number of thirty holes being fixed on as constituting the test, viz., a full round to be followed by the first six holes out and the last six holes home. History does not relate whether any time was given for refreshment after the first round, but it is to be presumed that some mercy was shown to the players, albeit that in the days when the Honourable Company played their "Club Matches" at Musselburgh, these, which consisted of three rounds (twenty-seven holes), had to be played out without a break. According to the system which still prevails at St. Andrews, when the Calcutta Cup and Jubilee Vase are played for, halved matches counted as wins, and the clubs which had halved passed on to the next round. There was a fresh ballot after each round, and in the event of there being an odd number, the club which was fortunate enough to draw the bye went on its way rejoicing; nor was there any rule to prevent the same club having more than one bye. A great galaxy of golfing talent turned up, in spite of the many hardships which the journey to St. Andrews entailed in those days; there are many of us still who have vivid recollections of the "ferry"—and the miseries of the wait at "Old Leuchars" Station. Presumably the favourites won, for it would be hard to find a stronger combination than the two players the Royal Blackheath Club put forward. Though representing an English club (I fancy the only one in existence at that time) they were both Scotsmen, and both R. and A. medallists. "Old Glennie," as he was familiarly and affectionately called, in 1855 won the autumn medal with a score of 88, which remained a record for that medal in 1884, when it was broken by Mr. Horace Hutchinson with 87. Two years before, in 1853, the other partner had also made what was then considered the wonderful score of 90 at the autumn



SCROLL COMMEMORATING THE VICTORY OF THE ROYAL BLACKHEATH GOLF CLUB.



meeting—so the combination must necessarily have been most formidable. But there were other clubs whose claims could not have been despised. Thus North Berwick sent Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Hay, the incarnation of golfing grace, and Mr. Ord Campbell. The home club put forward Captain Maitland Dougall, R.N., and Mr. S. C. Thomson, both of whom knew the St. Andrews course intimately, while the champion to be, Mr. R. Chambers, played for the Musselburgh Golf Club. He afterwards commemorated the proceedings in a metrical narrative, the last verse of which shows that even then the bunkers of St. Andrews were a sore trial to those who were not very familiar with the course:

But St. Andrews bunkers try us a',  
And if they're no weel kent  
Our chances there are unco' sma',  
At least at a tournament.

One would like very much to be transported to that scene of fifty years ago and see the start of the great tourney. All would be strange—costumes, clubs, the very links and surroundings. Many of the players would be in club uniforms, for in those days the red coat was not despised, tall hats would be in plenty, especially among the spectators, though some of the players and all the caddies wore a voluminous cap with broad folds almost covering the ears. There would be no bags for the clubs, which would be carried loose under the caddie's arm, and would comprise all manner of spoons, but very few irons. Then, even from the first tee, the outlook over the links would be quite different. At that time there were practically no houses on the left, the course was about half the width, for the sea had not been curbed and driven back, the Swilcan Burn was allowed to meander and overflow its banks at its own sweet will, while from the second hole the whins, like a wall on the right, stretched into the course. Going to the fifth hole, "Hell" had to be carried off the tee, the second shots must perforce be along the Elysian fields, while the approach to the 18th green was over the "Beardies" and across the rough. The Royal Blackheath in commemoration of their victory designed a kind of triumphal scroll (a photograph of which is reproduced). A copy is in the possession of the Honourable Company at Muirfield. It is evident that the artist was a cricketer first and a golfer (it a golfer) afterwards. The man on the left is in the attitude of hitting a half-volley out of the field, while the man on the right, who is presumably putting, is evidently quite unfamiliar with the art. The clubs, too, are of quaint design. The original is bright and gaudy with red and yellow and blue—a veritable *Jo triumphe*.

The next year, 1858, as we have said, saw the first amateur championship. Twenty-eight players entered, and the same conditions as to draws and ties prevailed as in the preceding year; that is to say, there was a fresh draw after every round, and halved matches counted as wins. Owing to this arrangement the winner was enabled to get into the final without having won a match during the preceding five rounds. He halved three matches, two of them with the man he ultimately beat in the final, and twice had the good fortune to draw a bye. Many of the names of the entrants sound familiar to this day. Maitland Dougall, Robert Clark, Robert Hay, Robert Cathcart, J. O. Fairlie, Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, Patrick Alexander, George Glennie, James Balfour (father of Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville)—all these were household names at St. Andrews within the memory of many. Good golfers all of them. The concluding stages of the tournament must have been very exciting, while the luck of the ballot added to the fun. There were, we are told, one or two upsets. Thus Sir Thomas Moncrieffe in the third round beat the favourite, Mr. Hay, by really brilliant play, while in the next round Mr. Pat Alexander defeated Mr. Glennie, and the brilliant man of letters followed this up by beating the big sailor Captain Maitland Dougall. In the meantime Mr. Chambers had been steadily halving matches (generally with Mr. Wallace of Leven) and drawing byes. So it happened that in the semi-final Mr. Wallace had to play Mr. Alexander, while Mr. Chambers rested from his labours. Mr. Alexander, who was probably a bit "done up" after his great victories, was defeated by three holes, and so Mr. Chambers and Mr. Wallace met for the third time. Mr. Wallace, not unlike some of the present generation, was a most slow and deliberate player, especially on the putting greens, and his adversary, having had full experience of this in his previous matches, determined on his line of action. While Mr. Wallace was engaged in his operations prior to putting, Mr. Chambers seated himself on a camp-stool, which he made his caddie carry, with his back turned, and read his newspaper, till it was his turn to play. It is possible that there may have been a little feeling about the match. The finish was close and thrilling. They were all square and two to play, and Mr. Chambers seemed to have the Road hole safe, when he was laid a dead stymie. Somewhat upset, he sliced his tee shot badly in the direction of the lifeboat-house (the site presently occupied by the Gibson Place houses). The ball lay badly in rough, so that all seemed over. But it was not; by a fine iron shot up to the hole he laid himself dead, and apparently

put the "fear of death" on the enemy, for Mr. Wallace was short with his long putt, and then missed holing out, thus losing the hole and the championship.

It is somewhat of a coincidence that the first amateur champion should have been the Columbus of Hoylake. A married sister of his, Mrs. Dowie, used to live at West Kirby, and on a visit to her Mr. Chambers noticed what splendid natural links the old race-course at Hoylake would make. He was mainly instrumental in starting golf there, and to this day the "Dowie" hole commemorates his sister. The writer is indebted for much of the information contained in this article to an article by Mr. Everard which appeared in *Golf*, July 29th, 1892, entitled "Famous Golfers—the Chambers Family"; and also to extracts from the diary of Mr. Robert Chambers contributed to *Golf* by Mr. C. G. S. Chambers in the issues of February 24th and March 10th, 1893.

## FROM THE MUNIMENT-ROOM.

WE are indebted to a correspondent from Devon, who writes under the pseudonym "Field-farer," for the following curious account. His covering letter ran as follows: "I send a curious story which you may think suitable for publication in COUNTRY LIFE. It is an exact copy of the original, except that I have modernised the spelling and altered the names to prevent identification. The document, which unfortunately is not dated, was found in a country house in the West of England.—FIELD-FARER."

### THE DISASTROUS ENDS OF SUCH AS HAVE PROFANED AND ABUSED RELIGIOUS STRUCTURES ESPECIALLY CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

There was a chapel in Stanbridge, dedicated to St. Nicholas, standing in the lands of George Ffinden, gent. This chapel was desired by Sir Thomas Barton of the same parish, that Ffinden would give him liberty to pull it down to make use of the timber & stones to help on the building of a turret at this house of Barton's.

Ffinden denieth it to him & told him he did not build it & he would not pull it down nor suffer it. (This was the father of that stout & valiant Major Ffinden, slain at Biddeford on the king's part & lieth buried at Shortwood.)

Sir Thomas Barton, not content with this denial, takes occasion to have Ffrayne ride a journey with him for a fortnight's space & in that meantime, finds workmen & pulls down the chapel. The wife of Ffinden, a gentlewoman of that worthy family of Chudleigh, rescues what she could & carries to her own home to preserve it. But all would not do, seeing one Barge (with 6 or 7 horses which the said Barge constantly kept of his own) fetcheth away those materials of stone &c. & Sir Thomas employeth them in the building of a fair & high turret over the porch of his house & layeth it strongly over with sheets of lead—but see presently the event.

Whilst the workmen, masons & others were working by day of stones & timber, in their lodgings there in the depth of the night, they hear so loud a knocking & hammering of stones that affrights them in their beds at which Sellek, a carpenter, said to his bedfellow "Hearken" quoth he "how the workmen are at work, one of us doubtless will be fetched away"; some others said that Sellek said also "St. Nicholas is come for one of us" but so it fell out that Sellek within a day or two fairs sick (a principal workman) & died within a week.

Stephen Barge, a man that lived in good fashion (the man above named), that kept rank with his other neighbours in hospitality, a careful man, had no charge of children, became poor & blind & died in the church-house there, relieved by the parish. Sir Thomas, otherwise a man of worth, wise and discreet, having lived handsomely in that house, enclosed in a handsome park & he himself very much a gentleman as appeared by his habit, his attendance and his stable of stately horses, as any of his rank in England, speedily became unfortunate; his son & he parted & never more came together by which means very unhappy scandals befell him; his turret he could not keep dry & though all means were used against wind and weather, yet at one time in a storm a whole sheet of lead from that same turret was thrown many paces off from the place & the rest could never be kept dry until a very great part of that structure was pulled down.

And so Sir Thomas, dying without lawful issue male, left his estates to his sisters, his house unfinished that stood well nigh twenty years & no man dwelt in it; and having been dead near 50 years not so much as a stone of that chapel or any other is laid upon him to distinguish his place of burial from Barge's grave.

In the same parish were two several dwellings, the owners whereof had gotten one of them a font-stone which was left to three generations as a legacy, the other a carved beam & some pieces of the roode-loft gifted for some uses about the house; he that had the font-stone married the widow of him where the beam was, both which parcels of chapel appeared visibly upon those new owners quickly; for the woman, where the beam was, hanged herself & the living fell into the lord's hands, being the lands of Sir Philip Quenalt. The man & his family had this remarkable share upon him & his; for after that consecrated vessel had long been put to base uses, many infamous things were known to fall out amongst them; a honest man did see his son (a strong young man) beating of him his aged father, a deaf man & almost blind.

This young fellow comes next to enjoy the font-stone & his father's living; in the middle of his age (having divers sons) he becomes so decrepid that his hands & feet were strangely benumbed & tuned about so, that he went by a crutch; which crutch a virtuous person protested that she did see

his next son to take from him & to throw down his said father on the ground. When she blamed this wretch for it, he threw away his crutch & let his father lie & at other several times the neighbours of the village were called to rescue the old cripple out of the hands of this unnatural son.

But now, lastly, see what befalls to him that thus used his crippled father & succeeds him in his living & kept the font-stone, given him also for a legacy

as he confessed himself to an honest person; this third fellow became an extreme lame & infirm man of which he died, though no old man & left divers sons, one of which buffeted him also, by the testimony of honest people & left one of his children to go by his grandfather's crutch & another very infirm & likely to possess the same by the late breaking of his thigh-bone, being a child of 5 or 6 years old & the living fallen from them.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PARTRIDGES AND TERNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been asked by Dr. Heatherley, whose article on "The Ternery at Wells-by-the-Sea" you published on November 28th last, to write to you explaining how I thought the partridges mentioned came by their death. They were no doubt killed by the terns, although I have never found any myself without a wound. But it is very hard to find sometimes, and I have seen some with the feathers all off their backs. Once I saw the terns mobbing a partridge, and just before I got to it it flew up and came past quite close to me, and I noticed that it carried its head all on one side. It had, no doubt, received a wound in its neck. When a partridge is attacked by terns it seems too frightened to fly away. The first one to see it hovers over it and shrieks terribly, calling others from all directions, until a whole cloud collect and start diving at it as if to drive it into the sand, darting up again like arrows. Each one when descending makes a peculiar hissing noise till he strikes at the bird; then he gives a sharp shriek. It is not only the partridges that receive punishment from the terns, for they seem to think that nothing is to be allowed near the sandhills but themselves. I have seen many small birds fall a victim to their sharp bills, such as larks and pipits. The rooks give me a bit of trouble the first part of the season when the redshanks and ring-plover begin to lay and before the terns do; but I have no trouble after there are a few of the latter's eggs, for if a rook only shows himself they are after him like lightning. Gulls have also a very bad time if they happen to pass over the ternery. Once while walking through some bushes not far from the sandhills I happened to put up a rabbit, which had several hundred yards to run to its burrow. Two or three terns flying over happened to see him and at once started in pursuit, and before he had disappeared into his hole there were hundreds of sharp beaks darting at him. When approaching the redshanks' nests, of which there are hundreds, the birds come screaming around, and when my little terrier is running a little distance from me I have seen a whole cloud following him within a few yards of his back. Although the redshank is one of the wariest of birds in winter, I have more than once picked them off their nests. I have only once seen ring-plover so tame as to let you pick it off its nest. While walking along the sandhills with two friends late in the season, one of them noticed a ring-plover under a tuft of marram and remarked, "This is early to see a young ring-plover so large as this," and on picking it up we found, to our surprise, it was not a young bird, but an old one sitting on four eggs. Owing to the redshank and plover being so much shot at in the autumn on the salt marshes, they generally collect in large flocks, the redshanks haunting what is known as the "Meil Marshes," which are kept closed purposely for breeding-grounds, and where no one is allowed to shoot at them. The ring-plover collect with the large quantities of knot and dunlin that haunt the large stretch of sand that lies between the ternery and the sea, where the thousands of geese that make the Holkham marshes their headquarters during the day-time go at night-time to rest. On their journey to and fro they give the wibflowlers much sport.—PATRICK CRINGLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A copy of COUNTRY LIFE for November 28th, 1908, has just been sent to me, and I have been much interested in the article on "The Ternery at Wells-by-the-Sea." During July last, I spent a fortnight at a small village on the Suffolk coast, where terns were to be seen in large numbers among the sandhills covered with marram grass and pink rest-harrow. In walking along the shore one evening, I suddenly came upon a group of partridges, two old birds and three or four chicks lying dead, with their heads close together, and with no sign of struggle or apparent injury upon them. A depression in the grass close by showed where the nest had been. It was on this particular part of the shore that the terns were always to be seen. Is it possible that the death of the partridges I found was caused by their being "mobbed" by terns in the manner described towards the end of the most interesting article on the Wells Ternery?—A. E. L.

### LAWN TENNIS COURTS OTHER THAN GRASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps I may be able to give you some useful information about a Granolithic pavement tennis court. We got one made about the year 1885, and I played on it for some ten years, after which we gave up tennis. It had many advantages over any other court in that, excepting after a heavy rainfall,

it was always ready. Regarding playing after rain, if a very heavy fall there were a number of shallow pools of water, which, if we had wished, we could have swept off. I question if a court could be made so perfect that even with a slope the rain would run off these lower parts of it. Ours had a fall from the centre to the sides. I cannot say how much higher it is at the centre, but as an experienced player I do not think that 2in. or even 3in. would be noticed in the play. I think the worst fault we found was that the balls took on the greyish colour of the pavement and we found the light rather bad. We often thought that it would have been improved if some colouring matter, reddish perhaps, had been added. But, with even the fault of light it was a grand game on the beautiful smooth surface—no false bounds. After twenty years there are now cracks all over it, but few of these would even now injure the play. Ours was made over a cinder court on ground that had a slope and possibly, most likely, these cracks were caused by the ground sinking. The court was made, say, 2in. broader than regulation size on either side to allow the painted lines to be 2in. from the edge; we added 4ft. to each end after some years, as this kept the court cleaner, and it was pleasanter serving with both feet on the pavement. Should you desire it, I shall be very pleased to give any further information.—SCOTSMAN

### MELANISM IN MOTHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very much interested in the article on melanism in moths in COUNTRY LIFE of February 6th. The accompanying photograph is of a black specimen of the Peppered moth (*A. betularia*), taken on July 10th, 1906, at Bridgnorth. Now, Bridgnorth lies on the extreme border of the Black Country, so this moth, a female, may have been a wanderer from that district. The ordinary form is fairly plentiful round here, but I have never since captured a black one. I should add, the moth laid twenty to thirty eggs in captivity, which hatched successfully; but, alas! an accident befel the larvae and they never reached maturity.—FRANCES PITT.



### A LANDLORD'S AND A COUNTRY-LOVER'S PROBLEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If hearty sympathy gives any consolation to "Unhappy Landowner," he may rest assured that he has it in abundance. If few people are obliged, like himself, to suffer the peculiar annoyance of seeing their own land damaged and disfigured as he describes, all true country-lovers deplore the ever-increasing practice of dumping dust-hole rubbish on to arable land under the pretence that it is valuable manure. The horrible disfigurement of the landscape is more than sufficient reason why this should be put a stop to; but, apart from æsthetic considerations, these noisome heaps are a danger not only from their offensive smell, but owing to the encouragement they offer to rats. Early and regular destruction of dust-hole rubbish ought certainly to form part of the present campaign against these vermin. If waste food in the smallest quantities is left lying about a house, mice and cockroaches will speedily appear there, and in the same way collections of dust-hole rubbish are an unfailing attraction to rats. The waste food in these heaps is so small a percentage that the manurial value of the whole is practically *nil*, and whatever organic matter it contains never reaches the land because the rats get it instead. At the same time, the ingenious plea that the stuff is manure makes the case more difficult to deal with, since a successful objection to this kind of "fertiliser" might open up possibilities of vexatious interference with legitimate farming operations. No good farmer likes his "muck heaps" to be unduly offensive, as, apart from inconvenience to neighbours, this denotes loss of ammonia, etc. Still, when carting is going on on a mild spring day, the fact is usually recognisable for some distance down wind, but no one's health is likely to suffer in consequence. Yet another unhappy landowner (farming his own land) was gravely requested last year to remove the farmyard manure just carted to one of his fields, as it was a public nuisance! Tin cans and broken bottles can scarcely be classed among the most rapidly assimilated foods for plant life, so I hope your correspondent may not be requested to pay for their "unexhausted manurial value" at the end of his tenant's lease!—EDITH CORNISH.

### THE FEEDING OF PARROTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some weeks ago one of your correspondents kindly gave some hints on feeding West Indian parrots. I have a Mexican bird, green with yellow head, called, I understand, a Levalant or Amazon. My son brought it home some ten years ago from Tampico, a fledgeling. I was told some time ago

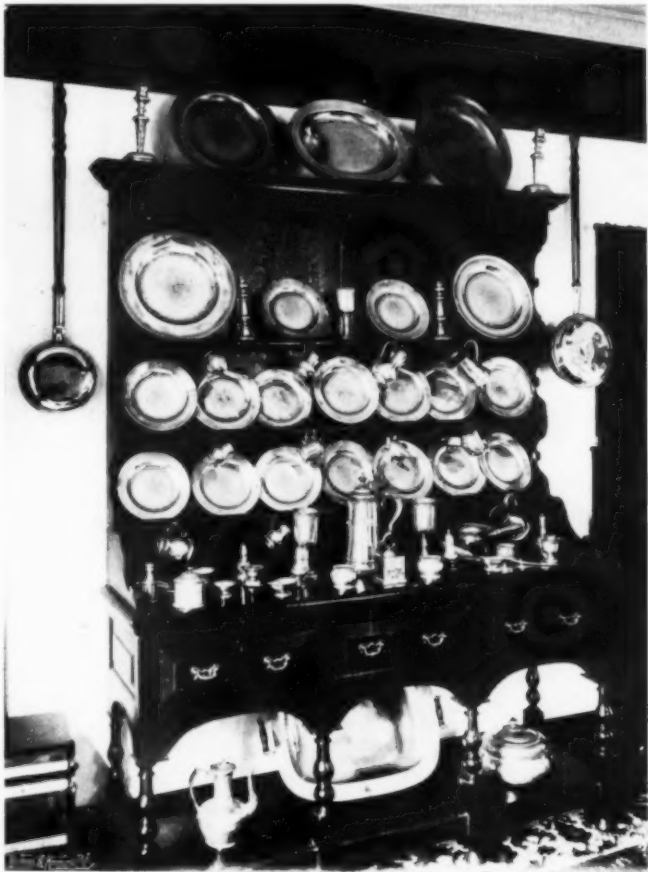


by a bird-dealer that we were giving the parrot too heating food, and he suggested canary-seed with a little hemp in place of the usual food sold in packets. The bird seems to suffer from constant irritation and is always picking at his feathers, especially the soft downy feathers. In the summer I give him a bath about once a week, but not in cold weather. He never has bones or greasy food; occasionally a little bread and milk, nuts, ripe fruit and a little plain boiled potato; a dry crust completes the menu.—E. T. STEWART.

#### OLD PEWTER PLATE

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a print of my collection of old pewter plate, which I



think may be of interest to your readers. Some of it dates back to the seventeenth century. It has been collected from all parts of the country.—J. C. POYSER.

#### A FROZEN WATERFALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to forward you the enclosed photograph. We went a party to Grindelwald for the winter sports and one day walked halfway up a mountain called the "Faulhorn." On our way we were much struck by a frozen waterfall, and I thought it well worth trying to take a photograph with a folding Kodak I have. The brilliant sunshine helped me to get the effect, which I think most beautiful, and which I thought worth while sending to you to see if you have room for it on one of your pages.—MADELINE F. SMITH.

#### ENGLISH EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To the average reader the statement that "the English egg ranks alongside the Russian for freshness and quality" comes as a kind of shock. We have our poultry on the spot, the means of distribution are ample, and yet our new-laid eggs rank only with those which have come from the further places overseas to supplement our home supply to the extent of some six or seven millions a year! It will be readily admitted that an English really new-laid egg can face with confidence the production of any other country, and therefore the indictment taken from an annual devoted to poultry, which seems to have been compiled very carefully and with a full knowledge of the facts to which it relates, must reflect upon the methods followed by poultry-keepers in marketing their produce. These methods obviously call for drastic reform, and can be remedied by cultivating public opinion and circulating facts. Here are three: A. undertakes to supply a certain family with so many eggs per week. Whenever he is short he pops in one or two that have been preserved in water glass. B carries eggs in considerable numbers to a neighbouring town, and the other day asked a small producer to keep his eggs till

he had too. "But," said the latter, "that will be another fortnight." "That doesn't matter," replied B., "all eggs are new-laid if they come from the country"! C. keeps only two or three hens, and it takes him three weeks or more in the winter time to collect two dozen eggs, yet he always sends them out in two-dozen lots as new-laid. These are the methods and ideas that need remedying, and we venture to think that they arise entirely from ignorant habit. We are prepared to say that in none of the cases we have quoted was there any deliberate intention to defraud; it was merely a following of the ordinary trade custom which has brought the English new-laid egg down to the level of those imported from Russia. We should, indeed, be sorry to think that any large proportion of the poultry-keeping world wished to do business on anything but fair terms, although the authority we have already quoted asserts that "Of all trades which help the swindler, the poultry business should rank foremost." Our opinion is that the expensive mistake which is being made—expensive from a national point of view as well as from that of the individual producer—arises from ignorance and want of thought, and we venture to suggest a friendly campaign on the subject in all our country districts. The facts to be driven home are few and simple, and if all our country readers would lend a hand, opinion and practice would soon be changed for the better and a real national service would be done. (1) Let all eggs be graded and sent to market clean. (2) Let all eggs not fresh be dated or classed as "cookers." (3) Let "fresh" and "new-laid" mean, as they ought, the same thing. The consumer is prepared to pay for the thing he wants, and has both the will and the power to make egg-production a really profitable undertaking. He cannot be expected to pay for one thing and be satisfied with another.—W. G. W.

#### THE LAW RELATING TO THE COMMON AND ROADSIDE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It would be very interesting, ament the correspondence that has been taking place on the gipsies, if your legal correspondent would give some information as to the law relating to wayfarers camping on commons or roadsides. In my own county of Dorset the belief is held that gipsies have a right to camp on such places for eight hours at a time, but that after that they may be moved on—I take it, by agents of the lord of the manor. Is this belief well founded? As you have stated in your columns, they are neighbours a country-side can very well do without. No one wants their expensive wares, or their wretched-looking ponies, of which some have a bunch to sell. Their lurchers can be kept for nothing but the pursuit of other people's rabbits, and they certainly do not pay rent for the land of which they avail themselves for their camping-grounds when on tour in this county, though they may do so for their winter quarters in Sussex and elsewhere.—R.

#### PHEASANT SWIMMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some twelve years ago I put up a young cock pheasant on the roadside at the top of the steep hill at Glencoin on Ullswater. The bird flew out to the right over the lake and went forward. On reaching the turn of the road at the corner of the lake by the county boundary, I saw what I supposed to be a strange bird swimming in the calm water of the little bay which the lake there makes. On my approach it swam to the shore, landed and ran across the road within 5yds. of my bicycle—a young cock pheasant—no doubt the same bird I had seen a quarter of a mile further back.—B. G. R. H.

#### THE HEDGE-SPARROW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was with much interest that I read the article "The Charm of the Hedge-sparrow," by Mr. Bickerton, and I am quite in agreement with him as to its endearing qualities and gentle manners. The male bird is, I think, the most perfect gentleman of the bird world. He never seems to bully his wife; and when photographing at her nest, on an occasion when she has hesitated to resume sitting in front of the camera, I have in the case of at





least three separate pairs been interested in his mill attempts at persuasion. His methods have in each case consisted of gently pushing her in the direction of her duty; and on one occasion he came boldly on the edge of the nest nearest to the camera, as if to show her that there really was no danger. Unfortunately, the situation was in too dark a place for a shutter exposure.—JASPER ATKINSON, Hon. Secretary, Zoological Photographic Club.

#### WHERE WILD FLOWERS GROW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE enquiries by an artist about wild flowers. At Woodhall Spa in Lincolnshire (somewhere about three hours' journey from Town) towards the end of May the broom in flower is a most beautiful sight. In the middle of August the same lanes are beautified by an abundance of harebells, which seem to climb up the banks into the hedges and out again in great bunches of colour, and large quantities of honeysuckle may be seen at the same time, the heather also being in bloom. In the middle of August I have found large patches of the brilliant pink centaury, also gentians, but these last not in large quantities, and always needing strong sunshine to keep the flowers, which are lovely, open. Permission would be necessary, and perhaps not obtainable, to enter the woods; but early in May I have seen primroses from a wood near Kirkby-on-Bain, close to Woodhall, overflowing in great patches into a field bordering the roadside.—B. M. K.

#### A TALE OF A SQUIRREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think, to some of your readers interested in wild life, the following curious feature in the habits of a squirrel may be new as it is to me. Some young friends of mine have regularly been feeding the birds from the broad window-sill of their schoolroom. The house, surrounded on two sides by tall pine wood, sloping to the river, is the resort of birds of many kinds, great and small, which flock gladly to the feast. One morning the children noticed an extra commotion, and saw that a big squirrel had joined the band and was eating greedily from a basin of dripping, a favourite dish of many of the guests. He came regularly afterwards, allowing the children and their little fox-terrier in his red jacket to come close to the window, but not to touch him. One morning he was missing, and never came again, nor could the children see or hear him anywhere in the grounds. The dog was a great pet. When his coat was taken off for a swim or a rabbit-hunt it was left in the garden; one day previously it had mysteriously disappeared. A week or so later the children were roaming in the pine wood and the boy climbed a tall tree to see if any eggs were in the big nest at the top. Plunging in his hand, he pulled out a familiar string, and then the dead body of the squirrel, wrapped in the dog's red jacket. The long strings entangled round its neck had apparently caused it to struggle, only making matters worse, and the result was the little strangled corpse. This is the first instance that we have heard of a squirrel stealing anything for warmth.—MARTIN.

#### THE SHORT-TAILED MEADOW-MOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a short-tailed meadow-mouse was taken early in June in Berkshire, and the specimen, being young, soon became extremely tame. This species of mouse, which in Suffolk is named



the "Mogger," is exceedingly timid, and lacks that enterprise and ambition so characteristic of the other species of its race, seldom venturing far from the mouth of its little tube or shaft, down which it takes a clear drop of from gin. to 10in. at the slightest sound; when, however, its food supply fails, it makes tunnels through the grass almost on the surface. In favourable circumstances—that is, when a wet autumn occurs, producing long luxuriant grass, when winter is mild, bringing no severe frosts, and when spring is warm, giving a dry breeding season—this little creature with its blunt Roman nose increases with rapidity; indeed, it is well known in history to have often, in the above circumstances, become a grievous plague. Herodotus mentions it as having been the cause of the discomfiture of a whole army by destroying the quivers and leather strappings in the night. Again, it is mentioned in Elizabeth's reign as having caused terrible devastation in the marshes of Essex and also in Kent, where owls had to be collected to diminish its numbers.—J. E. M. M.

#### RECRUITING IN OLD TIMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the question of recruiting for our Army is so very prominent at the present day, the enclosed print may interest those who are so nobly coming forward to help in raising a sufficiency of soldiers to protect our country from invasion. Here are set forth the methods whereby men were tempted to enlist. At the end of the eighteenth century £18 4s. and a handsome watch must indeed have seemed a fortune to the needy Irishman, accustomed as he was to a mud hovel for his home, to potatoes and stir-a-bout for his daily fare and to rags for his clothing. Yet it is doubtful if such bribes were as successful as those which, tradition asserts, were practised by some of the Scottish ladies of the same period. We are told that the Duchess of Gordon, when helping to raise the Gordon Highlanders, "rode to the country fairs in Highland bonnet and regimental jacket" and "gave a kiss to the men she enlisted, far more valued the coin by which it was accompanied." Colonel Greenhill Gardyne, in "The Life of a Regiment," adds: "There was in a Highland village a young blacksmith remarkable for his strength and good looks. Recruiters for the Guards and Line had in vain tried to enlist him, but he could not resist her Grace. He took the kiss and the guinea; but to show it was not the gold that tempted him, he tossed the guinea among the crowd." The remembrance of the kiss was a suggested comfort to the wounded in battle, "Mind, lad, ye got a kiss o' the Duchess o' Gordon for that!" Money alone, even when proffered by a fair hand, does not always bring men to the colours, at least so Miss G. Gordon found in 1794, when she wrote: "Men do not like going to the kill. I offered a fine handsome and stout young man twelve guineas, but no money could make him go!"—E. BROUGHTON.

#### A LIFE UNDER THE OPEN SKY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph of a hermit was taken in some woods in Berkshire. The old man is an ex-soldier and has lived in the woods over twenty years; he is well known in the villages round about, and can very often be seen doing odd jobs in the gardens, for which he gets some food and a little money. He always takes his perambulator, which he calls his motor, with him full of clothing, umbrellas, etc.; he washes his clothes in the woods, also has his bath and mends all his things there. During the last heavy fall of snow he woke up one morning and found he was covered with snow several inches deep; but he says he has never had a single day's illness in his life and has nothing to worry him. When he goes to sleep he ties his perambulator to his leg or arm, covers himself over with clothes and puts his large carriage umbrella up.—S. O. NORTH.

